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VOL. LXVIII NO. 9



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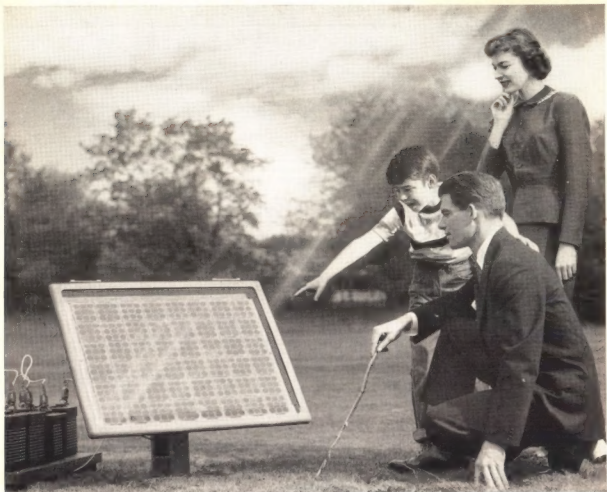
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and for other uses are fully developed. But a good and pioneering start has been made.

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LETTERS

An Eye for the Great

Sir:
After having Mr. Truman all over your Aug. 13 cover, I hope you will soon have our President on the cover. This great country knows a great man at a glance—and it isn't Mr. Truman.

ALINE LIEBENTHAL

New York City

Observing the Conventions

Sir:
The only improvement that can be made to an Ike-Nixon ticket would be a Nixon-Ike ticket, with a guarantee that Mr. Stassen is on a permanent leave of absence. Stassen has only one argument, which is: Nixon is a real Republican and he has made Democrats angry. This year the liberal voters do not like Nixon; why should they? If they did, they would not be liberal. I am not using liberal in its old sense, but rather in the modern sense, which has come to mean a pink.

BRUCE M. SHELLEN

Ekalaka, Mont.

Sir:
Time's apparent preference for an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket is commendable, but its patronizing treatment of a countermovement is scarcely so. If Nixon's renomination jeopardizes the election of a Republican Congress, then his replacement by Governor Herter (or some other respected public servant) must be seriously considered.

GEOFFREY H. ROSE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:
When I saw—or rather, smelled—Time's Aug. 6 attack on Harold Stassen, I thought I had accidentally picked up a copy of *Confidential*.

NED KIEFER

Del Mar, Calif.

Sir:
It is as childish to refer to Mr. Stassen as "Childe Harold" as it is to call the Vice President "Tricky Dicky." Shame!

ROBERT DOWNING

New York City

Faith & Politics

Sir:
Your Aug. 6 "Can a Catholic Win?" makes it hard to decide what is more obnoxious—the idea of some politicians that Catholics will automatically vote for a Catholic,

or the notion of some Protestants that the patriotism of Catholics is somehow diluted by their loyalty to the church.

BROTHER FIDELIAN

La Salle College
Philadelphia

Sir:

It's certainly a big mistake to take a report of a survey conducted by Roman Catholics at its face value, especially when that survey and report is about Roman Catholics, and on a subject dear to their hearts—gaining control of the U.S. The Roman Catholic Church is an international conspiracy of totalitarians, far more dangerous to this country than are the Communists.

CHARLES H. MCGUIRE

Brooklyn

Canal Crisis

Sir:

The Suez Canal crisis certainly involves moral law. A question that might be asked of all the parties involved in the matter is: Why are you afraid to take this matter to the U.N.?

HAROLD V. SEMLING JR.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Nasser told us that we Americans may choke to death on "our fury." We don't have to repay him with the same—this job will be accomplished on Comrade Nasser by the Bulganin-Khrushchev gang (they are experts in choking).

R. FINE

Long Branch, N.J.

Sir:

It is impossible not to feel some degree of sympathy with a man (however mistaken Time may believe him to be) who seeks the deliverance of his country from a foreign yoke.

HUGH SHELDON

Piedmont, Calif.

Sir:

The Suez Canal is the lifeline of the Middle East. Let's show some of our famous world leadership and present a united front to Nasser and cohorts.

JOE D. REID JR.

Lima, Ohio

Tragedy at Sea

Sir:

The deeply moving *Andrea Doria* story recalls an almost identical tragedy that occurred on Jan. 23, 1909, when the outbound

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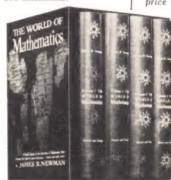
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steamship *Republic* was rammed in a heavy fog off Nantucket by the inbound Italian immigrant ship *Florida*. Before the *Republic* sank, her passengers were transferred to the badly damaged *Florida*, then to the *Baltic*, and brought back to New York. It was the first time that wireless was used [by the *Republic*] to bring help to a stricken ship. I am 80 years old. My husband and I were on the *Republic*, bound for a two-month honeymoon in Italy when the tragedy occurred.

EMMA E. SNYDER

San Diego

Sir:

TIME's Aug. 6 story on the *Andrea Doria* disaster left me transfixed. The facts were the same as those handled by other publications, but the story emerged alive and tender, in a way that tore right into me.

PAUL W. HOLTZ

Haworth, N.J.

Sir:

Very fine wrap-up of the *Andrea Doria*-*Stockholm* disaster, but would like to point out that the point where the liner was hit was not the starboard "quarter" but the waist. The quarter is the stern section of a ship.

LAMAR HOLT

Editor

U.S. Coast Guard Magazine
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It was with interest that I read of the proposed congressional investigation of the collision of two foreign-flag vessels outside U.S. territorial waters [Aug. 6]. If one is to project the righteous trumpetings of Representative Bonner on the subject of protecting the American traveler abroad, will the death of a U.S. citizen in a train wreck in Buenos Aires necessitate a congressional investigation of the Argentine State Railways?

BRUCE GORDON

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Sister Act

Sir:

We did enjoy your sparkling July 30 story on our musical play, *The Complaining Angel*. The mother of one of the pictured nuns cabled from Europe to say she saw it in your foreign edition. You implied that a Poor Clare nun wrote the lyrics you quoted. These and the indirect quotes used, e.g., "limp gimp," "dimpled wimple," came from the versatile playwright-professor, John D. Tumpance.

WILLIAM J. ELSÉN

Department of Speech
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir:

I'm about as far removed from Roman Catholicism as one can be (Unitarian), but I am a Christian, and was appalled with those un-Christian goings on in *The Complaining Angel* at the University of Notre Dame. Sisters, get thee to a nunnery.

V. FREDERICK VEADER

New York City

Who Is Who

Sir:

I am writing to correct what is an understandable error under the circumstances, but nonetheless embarrassing to us. I refer to the statement in TIME, July 30, that Jackson Martindell "last month won control of *Who's Who*." A summary judgment decree was handed down in the Cook County circuit court that Jackson Martindell and the American Institute of Management was entitled to acquire 67% of the stock of this corporation under a contested agreement. This ruling was

immediately appealed to the higher courts, which appeal automatically stays Martindell from acting under the circuit court decree. Therefore he has not, in actuality, "won control," and has no hand whatsoever in the operation of this corporation or *Who's Who*.

WHEELER SAMMONS JR.
President

Marquis-Who's Who, Inc.
Chicago

Fuss About AFUS

Sir:

We have been reading the July 23 letters concerning AFUS with considerable interest. It seems that the Marine Corps has been made the villain because some of us are opposed to an AFUS. Some of your readers consider us egotistical and self-centered and not the supermen we think ourselves to be. As to the critics in the Air Force, I have no sympathy for them. From what I have seen of airmen, they are part-time civilians who wear their uniform not too proudly. They have as much discipline as a kindergarten class, and most of the time act the same.

(SGT.) J. D. TREANTOS JR., U.S.M.C.

(SGT.) A. H. HILL, U.S.M.C.
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Pure Fiction

Sir:

Any author is grateful for so generous a review as TIME [July 30] gave my *Straight and Narrow Path*. But as for the final paragraph, linking the novel to my own lawsuit, I very much wish to say that my book is pure fiction, and the place, events and circumstances wholly imaginary. My experience served me only in points of legal form or procedure.

HONOR TRACY

Killiney Village
Dublin, Ireland

The Split-Level Yanks

Sir:

TIME, July 9, says "Mary McDonald insisted they [her sons] remember one thing: they were lace-curtain Irish, not shanty Irish." I have long noticed that you show a snobbish obsession with such offensive epithets. I am well acquainted with Ireland, the land of my ancestors, but I never heard these sneering distinctions there. I cannot recall TIME's making similar classifications of U.S. citizens—or isn't there a newsworthy distinction between shanty Yanks and split-level Yanks?

LUIS PATRICIO SULLIVAN

Mexico City

Arab Honeymoon

Sir:

Thanks for your Aug. 13 "Baghdad Honeymoon." I, too, was engaged to an Arab but am no longer, because he was seriously thinking of "going home to Mama." I see things in a new light now and realize how lucky I am.

SHIRLEY BENADERET

Detroit

Sir:

Helen Subbagh married a very common variety of lemon found in everyone's home town regardless of religion or nationality. Why so much space devoted to a bad husband just because he is an Arab? My husband is a Moslem Arab from Lebanon; I also met him at college. He is sober, hard-working, and has not slugged or spat at me. I am neither Moslem nor Arab, but I feel that I am better treated than many wives I know with so-called "Christian" husbands.

MRS. F. ZIND

Piney River, Va.



The storm broke on Harry when shipping was slow
His boss used to thunder and bluster and blow.



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PORE: Dwight Martin, George Vogt, TOKYO: Curtis
Frederick, Alexander Campbell, MEXICO CITY: Richard
Caldwell Jr., Rafael Delgado Lizarazu, GUATEMALA CITY:
Harvey Rothhouse, RIO DE JANEIRO: Piero Suporiti,
BUENOS AIRES: Philip Payne.

PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLaughlin

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

COMMUNICATIONS'
OSBORNE



SEN. MARTIN

Dear TIME-Reader:

IN their work space in the Exhibition Hall of Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, TIME reporters pecked urgently at typewriters from early till late last week, while wire-service tickers clicked, Teletypes clattered and telephones jangled. This was our communications center for the Democratic Convention. Before the week was out, a similar center went into operation in San Francisco's Mark Hopkins, to forward preliminary stories on the Republican Convention. From the two centers will flow some half million words to help our editors not only report but illuminate the news of the conventions.

Communications Manager Garry E. Osborne began to plan these centers early in January, had the necessary equipment, e.g., telephone switchboards, extensions, tickers and Teletypes, on order before the month ended. As soon as work space was allotted for the conventions, he blueprinted the areas to designate and locate the type and position of equipment to be installed, then prepared a booklet for staff members, showing exactly where these nerve ends of our special communications network would be in each convention city.

For Osborne, communications are both occupation and preoccupation. He started in the business as a boy, delivering Postal telegrams at 1¢ a message in New York City. When the U.S. entered World War I he was a radio ham, tapping out Morse code on

his do-it-yourself set. The National Guard quickly shipped him off to Old Point Comfort, Va. to help start a military radio school. Later, he threaded his way upward through the postwar mergers of telegraph and telephone companies. By 1951, just before he joined TIME, he was an operations and personnel executive for Western Union.

At TIME Inc., Osborne runs the Telephone Room and the Wire Room, both 16-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week operations. On a busy day, the switchboard and its 23 telephone operators—all, it seems, experts at tracking down staffers or newsworthy figures anywhere in the world—handle 25,000 calls. In the Wire Room, Teletype circuits interconnect all our U.S. and Canadian news bureaus, and a radio Teletype service gives instant contact with London, Paris, Bonn, The Hague, Rome and, soon, Tokyo. The Teletype systems add up to the most extensive private network in the magazine publishing field. "Its main feature is the speed with which we can get in contact with our bureaus. It's like bringing a worldwide organization into one office," says Osborne.

And it handles each week nearly 1,000,000 words. In addition, we receive daily budgets of some 650,000 words from major news agencies.

"I get the greatest kick out of this job. I can live with it," Osborne says. "Any time I can beat a communications problem, I'm happy."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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Take a look at yourself back on the campus!

On many a campus these days, it's difficult to tell an undergraduate from a visiting alumnus...on dress-up occasions. More and more men, in and out of school, are wearing the Racquet Club model by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The design and tailoring of these handsome suits are of eastern influence and national persuasion...a current *must* for students and young executives most likely to make an outstanding impression.



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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Road to November

The U.S.'s two great political parties this week took off along the twisting, bumpy road that leads to November. Each claimed right-of-way in the middle, but anybody who thought that the new era of "moderation" meant a calm, courteous campaign had not been listening



CANDIDATE EISENHOWER

By different routes...

to the cries that came out of Chicago. There, the Democratic platform accused the Republicans of "betrayal" on natural-resources policy, called the farm program "a direct vote-buying scheme," attacked a foreign policy of "bluster and bluff." Democratic orators scored Republican "racketeers," branded Vice President Richard Nixon as a "vice-hatchet man" and a "pet midget."

Driving the 1956 party models were Adlai Ewing Stevenson, 56, of Libertyville, Ill. and Dwight David Eisenhower, 65, of Gettysburg, Pa. Sitting in the front with Stevenson was Estes Kefauver, 53, of Chattanooga, Tenn., the Democrats' strongest possible (farm-vote) vice-presidential nominee. The man most favored to sit beside Ike was Richard Milhous Nixon, 43, of Whittier, Calif. But while both vehicles were styled to the

fashionable 1956 moderation lines, they were powered by opposing convictions: the Democratic Party by a belief in more government to direct the people's affairs; the Republican Party by a belief that government should help the people manage their own affairs.

Common Denominator. Stevenson emerged from convention fights within his own party as a tough-fibered winner who had bested Harry Truman and encumbered himself with no special alliances. His acceptance speech laid out his route and his intended destination. Starting from the New and Fair Deals, Stevenson looked for something beyond: an America where poverty is "abolished" and abundance is "used to enrich the lives of every family." The common denominator of most Stevenson plans: government action.

In 1952 Dwight Eisenhower proved himself a rough, aggressive campaigner, and he has promised that he will be the same this time. Moreover, Ike has his own route and destination: by helping Republicans of like mind win offices in the Congress and the statehouses, he hopes to rebuild the G.O.P. into a party that will long remain dedicated to his ideas of partnership between the people and the Federal Government.

General Good Will. This week the big wind from Chicago had eased to a zephyr while the Democrats rested up. But more than 15,000 Republican convention goers were trooping into San Francisco and the cavernous Cow Palace. All seemed serene on the Republican scene: the only faint hope of convention excitement lay in the windy efforts of Harold Stassen to dump Nixon just before the convention opened. Harold got a hand up from California's Nixon-hating Governor Goodwin J. ("Goodie") Knight, who fought a delaying action against a Nixon endorsement in the California caucus—but did little to ruffle the general serenity.

But the fact that Republicans were getting along with each other did not mean that they intended to brake on the curves. Washington's Governor Arthur Langlie, the convention keynote (see below), spurned Democratic Keynote Frank Clement's highballing forensics. But Langlie set a hard-hitting style for the Republican campaign when he charged the Democrats with "a naked admission that they are now addicted to the principle that loyalty to a political party comes ahead of loyalty to our beloved country."

REPUBLICANS

The Rebuttal Begins

Flying to San Francisco to deliver the Republican Convention's keynote speech this week, Washington's Governor Arthur B. Langlie confided to a friend that he had watched the pyrotechnics of Democratic Keynote Frank Clement, found them distasteful. Said Langlie: "I'll be



CANDIDATE STEVENSON

... to different destinations.

passing up the Chicago brand of prejudicial fire and brimstone in favor of what I've tried to make a higher tone." To his wife Evelyn he fretted: "I want to be sure that nobody can say this speech has any unjustified name-calling."

When balding, blue-eyed Arthur Langlie took the Cow Palace platform, there was virtually no name-calling at all. But in Langlie's G.O.P. eyes, a sharp indictment of the Democratic Party was justified: "They left us a staggering national debt, a greatly reduced value of the dollar, a colossal bureaucracy and vastly increased taxes... The Democratic party was responsible for the security of our country and of the free world precisely when Communist world aggression achieved its maximum success, when the nations of Eastern Europe were lost to freedom and when, on another continent, China



CANDIDATE NIXON ARRIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO*
Hopes for a bright future.

United Press

DEMOCRATS

How Adlai Won

Scurrying from caucus room to caucus room in search of his mislaid presidential nomination. Candidate Adlai Stevenson allowed himself to be poked, prodded, pushed and paraded until he felt, as he put it, like a prize Angus on display. Occasionally he asked one of his aides: "How am I doing?" The reply was invariably: "Fine, Governor." That was all Stevenson knew or needed to know while managers worked desperately behind the scenes last week to put out the flames that Harry Truman had torched by spurning Stevenson and declaring for Averell Harriman (TIME, AUG. 20).

The big question as Chicago's big week began: Could Adlai ride out the Truman crisis and protect the huge lead he had collected? The answers lay in the abacus mind and the horny fists of his campaign manager, Pennsylvania's Jim Finnegan.

Come for the Ride. Finnegan's own Pennsylvania was the first hot spot. The day after Truman's flare-up, President David McDonald of the United Steelworkers went on network television and loudly announced that he too was for Harriman. McDonald's steelworkers are mighty in Pennsylvania, and some Philadelphia delegates were taring to go with him. The Pennsylvania delegation caucused, and Dave McDonald made a fiery pitch for Harriman support. But Finnegan's protégé, Governor George Leader, laid out the political facts of life. Snapped he: if any delegate hoped to do any future business with Harrisburg, he had blamed well better stick with Stevenson. Result: a flame out for Harriman's chances in Pennsylvania.

Stevenson "fire spotters" (including Adlai Stevenson III) fanned out among the other combustible delegations. Arizona started to burn; it was cooled after a perilously close call. Kansas seemed ready to go; the fire fighters won again. Even at midweek the faction-torn Maryland delegation began thinking about switching to Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington. Jim Finnegan got the word, made an emergency call. "Boys," said Finnegan, by that time on his third pack of Old Golds, "that's all right if it's the best you can do. You can come along later—just for the ride. But just think how good you'll look back home if you can help swing this thing by leading the way, not following." The Maryland boys caught on fast.

A Hand from Eleanor. Adlai Stevenson meanwhile played the part of the candidate well. As he went from meeting to meeting, his pitch was low-keyed, without personal resentment against Harry Truman. "My fight," he said, "is against the Republicans, not against any Democrat." Old friends rallied around him. Flowing through the crushing crowds with Stevenson was an especially devoted and notably effective helper: Eleanor Roosevelt, 71, wearing an absurd little hat and carrying herself with gentle dignity. She spoke repeatedly of her concern for a better world, a better America, and a

became part of the Communist empire."

Langlie, no flaming orator, had an oratorical flourish or two to rival a Clement. The Democrats, he said, have a heritage of "colossal mismanagement and corruption . . . For 20 years [they] subsisted only from one crisis to another—some real, some imaginary, some fabricated."

But Art Langlie had come to San Francisco not so much for the fun of a counterattack as for a positive statement of achievements. Quickly he ticked off major areas in which the Administration had kept its promises.

Foreign Policy. "We have done more than just talk about peace; we have worked for it. We have seen Communist aggression come to a complete halt. We have seen a halt in the world's drift toward nuclear war . . . We have seen dangers in their most awful forms lessen rather than grow . . . challenges met instead of evaded. We have seen, in great part as a result of our own conduct, the leaders of world Communism forced to renounce some of their old ways."

Agriculture. "When this Republican administration took office the bottom was falling out [of farm prices]. Under the new Republican laws in the first six months of 1956 average farm prices steadied and then went up. They are still going up . . . The farmer today can once again look forward to raising his crops for his markets instead of Government warehouses."

Employment. "Our policies have sustained over 66 million peacetime jobs for American men and women at the highest wages in our history."

Civil Rights. "Through every agency in Government, except Congress, we have witnessed the greatest gains for civil rights over a period of 80 years. We have not given mere lip service. We have acted."

The Economy. "We have checked the runaway inflation we inherited from the previous Administration. We have reduced taxes by seven and a half billion dollars a year."

How had this come about? Langlie's answer was smooth, but there was a barb on every point: because "as President

. . . we have a man who gives dignity to that high office . . . who knows how to respect those who disagree with him . . . how to enlist the help of some of the most able people in America to support his leadership and give freely of their talents to serve their country . . . how to win the respect of the people in other lands . . . and how to exemplify the qualities of character, leadership and citizenship that really make America strong. And above all else how to provide moral and spiritual leadership."

Marshaling Republicans to continue the crusade, Langlie harked back to Democrat Clement, who had asked, "mournfully, again and again, how long, O America, will we keep our Republican Administration in office at Washington?" The G.O.P. spokesmen ventured a prediction: "The American people will . . . throw the Republicans out of office the day when, if ever, they copy the Democrats and put the party first and America second."

* From left: Senator William F. Knowland, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. George Christopher, wife of San Francisco's mayor.



Robert Lockenbach

KEYNOTER LANGLIE
Voice of a proud past.

Democratic Party in which the old, e.g., herself and Harry Truman, must make way for the young, i.e., Adlai Stevenson. "My husband," said she meaningfully, "was a man of moderation."

Gradually Finnegan & Co. discovered that there was very little left of the Truman-Harriman campaign but glowing embers. Clearly it was high time to light a few bright Stevenson torches to get the parade going again. The first bright glare came from Michigan.

Early in the week the United Auto Workers' President Walter Reuther had seen that the Truman-Harriman bid threatened a deadlock from which Texas' Lyndon Johnson might emerge as the conservative Democratic kingmaker, with enormous bargaining power on civil rights. Now Liberal Reuther determined to take the play away from Lyndon. He announced his own strong support for Stevenson, then persuaded Michigan's governor and favorite son, G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, to go to work. Striding from hotel room to hotel room, his lanky form trademarked by his green polka-dot bow tie, Williams checked with leaders from Ohio, Minnesota, Kansas and New Jersey. "I checked the figures myself," said Soapy. "I couldn't see how Harriman could win." Late Tuesday night, Williams called his 44-vote delegation into a chokingly smoke-filled caucus room. The delegation's sentiment was plain. The decision: Michigan voted to cast a big majority for Stevenson.

Absolute Cruncher. Even while Soapy was moving toward Adlai, tense, closely guarded negotiations were going on inside the 36-vote New Jersey delegation, which nominally favored Governor Robert Meyner but was actually split 26 for Stevenson to 10 (all from Jersey City) for Harriman. At a meeting on Tuesday of six New Jersey leaders, Bob Meyner flatly refused to stand as a favorite son, convinced Jersey City Leader John Kenny



TRUMAN, STEVENSON & KEFAUVER AT CONVENTION'S END
For a punch in the nose, the other cheek.

Walter-Bonetta

that Harriman was a sure loser. The six voted unanimously to back Stevenson. Kenny reported to New York's Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio, who passed on the bad news to Harry Truman. The old man refused to give up. He summoned Bob Meyner to his suite and went stronger than ever for Harriman—pleading, cajoling, crackling with emotion. But Meyner stood firm.

The announcement of New Jersey's 36-vote break to Stevenson actually came eight hours after the Michigan switch—but New Jersey was the absolute cruncher. When it happened, a top Harriman aide silently drew his finger across his throat.

Too Late with Too Little. By the time the delegates jammed into the convention hall Thursday afternoon to nominate a President, Stevenson was so far ahead that nothing could beat him. Thirteen delegations had intoned their votes before Harriman passed the 10 mark. Harriman's campaign adviser, Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapio, had known for a long while what was coming: he sat calm and cool among his red-faced, sweating

New York delegation. After it was all over, he murmured wistfully: "If we had only had more time." On his way out he stepped over to Harry Truman's box. "Hi, boss," said Carmine De Sapio. "I'll see you tomorrow."

High in an amphitheater office, Averell Harriman watched the roll call on television, saw his hopes fall into ashes, took defeat gracefully and with promises to support the Democratic nominee this fall. Perhaps the happiest man in the amphitheater was Governor Leader, whose face lit up with a small boy's Christmas morning ecstasy when he saw that Pennsylvania's vote would sew up the Stevenson victory. "Pennsylvania," cried Leader, "casts seven votes for Harriman!" He paused to savor the drama, then continued: "And for Stevenson, enough to put him over the top—67!"

The Painless Sock. Late Thursday night, after Stevenson's announcement that it was up to the convention to pick the vice-presidential candidate, victory was celebrated with Scotch, ham and cold chicken in Adlai's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel suite. Vice-presidential candidates



Associated Press



United Press

STEVENSON LISTENS TO MICHIGAN'S GOVERNOR WILLIAMS (LEFT) & NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR MEYNER
On the way to victory, poked, prodded, pushed and paraded.



United Press

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT BEAT TRUMAN



Francis Miller—Los

LABOR'S REUTHER PUSHED SOAPY



Associated Press

ESTES' JUBILANT WIFE NANCY



STRATEGIST FINNEGAN EVER CALM



Walter Bennett

ADLAI'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW NANCY

—Estes Kefauver, Hubert Humphrey, Jack Kennedy—descended on Stevenson with the single-minded purpose of tsetse flies. Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson called to pay their respects—so did Pittsburgh's Mayor Dave Lawrence and Connecticut's Democratic Chairman John Bailey.

Adlai Stevenson sat in a corner, enjoyed the goings on, contemplated his immediate past and his foreseeable future. Actually, he had a certain cause for gratitude toward Harry Truman: the old fighter had raised a ruckus and Stevenson had come out of it a stronger candidate. One of his advisers summed up the story of how Adlai Stevenson won the nomination: "We went into the convention with preponderant strength and worked like hell to add to it. And finally, we took a sock in the nose from Harry Truman and found out it didn't hurt at all."

Harry's Bitter Week

The emotional impact of Harry Truman's hurrah for Harriman had worn off, and it was time for the doughty old man to get down to the hard, cold business of politicking. His first serious move was to invite House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson to dinner in his Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel suite to enlist their aid for Ave. With high hopes that a convivial evening and some earnest talk would do the job, Truman produced a bottle of bourbon and in the long-established spirit of Capitol Hill, proposed that the three "strike a blow for liberty." But the food was an unfortunately long time in arriving and, although the evening was mighty convivial, a top Truman aide confessed later: "They just never did get down to any kind of conclusive talk." It was only the

first of many inconclusive, frustrating experiences in Harry Truman's bitter week.

Truman brought quite a bill of goods from the old cronies who had flocked to Harriman. As soon as Truman arrived in Chicago, such worthies as Indiana's Frank McKinney and New York's Judge Samuel Rosenman assured him that Ave had lined up 450 or more first-ballot votes. They reasoned that such favorite sons as Ohio's Frank Lausche, Michigan's G. Mennen Williams and New Jersey's Robert Meyner would hold their delegations for themselves, at the first sign of firm opposition to Stevenson. They reported that Stevenson's following was lukewarm ("Did you ever see an enthusiastic Stevenson man except for some of those right around him?") and that it would, if Harry said the word, switch from Adlai to Ave.

A Vicious Turn. Disillusionment was swift and savage. In a full day of talking to "customers" in his suite, Harry Truman got only two half-vote delegates to switch. With the Democrats who really counted, Truman got nowhere. Even as he was going up to Truman's suite, New Jersey's Bob Meyner announced that he would have no part of a favorite-son candidacy. And Frank Lausche (who refused to campaign for Truman in 1948) did not visit Harry until after he had promised Stevenson's managers that he would throw his Ohio support to Adlai.

When nobody would hop when he said frog, Harry Truman turned viciously on Stevenson. Interviewed by Publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr., Truman said Stevenson "should have been taken off the platform" when, in his 1952 acceptance speech, he mentioned the possibility of a Democratic defeat. "In politics," snapped Harry Truman, "the other fellow's wrong and you're right. You cannot have a defeatist attitude." Later that day, dictating a statement to newsmen, Tru-

* A phrase popularized in the capital and still used (in retirement at Uvalde, Tex.) by F.D.R.'s first Vice President, "Cactus Jack" Garner.

KEYNOTER CLEMENT ROUSES
DELEGATES ON OPENING NIGHT

NEW
MEXICO

GEORGIA
GEORGIA



DEMOCRAT TRUMAN AT CONVENTION HALL

DEMONSTRATORS IN HILTON HOTEL LOBBY



man said he was convinced Stevenson "could not carry a single state in addition to what he did carry" in 1952.⁶ At a press conference next morning, Truman went all the way. Adlai Stevenson, he said, lacked fighting spirit and stood for a policy that was "a surrender of the basic principles of the Democratic Party." He accused Stevenson of aligning himself with "a conservative minority that would be content to act as caretakers under a Republican Administration."

A Clear Surrender. Increasingly, Truman leaned toward the long-predicted Harriman campaign strategy of starting a party-splitting fight on the civil-rights issue as a way to hurt Stevenson (TIME, July 16). Sam Rayburn, already furious at Truman's personal attacks on Stevenson, heard about Truman's civil-rights plans, and began writing out a statement blasting Harry as a Democratic renegade. Then Compromiser Lyndon Johnson moved in, put in an emergency call to Truman's Donald Dawson, told him that Harry had better come over pronto to Mr. Sam's suite on the Hilton's 23rd floor, Truman did.

Sam Rayburn found his fears justified: Harry Truman was all ready to push the panic button on civil rights. Over more bourbon and branch water, sulphurous Sam Rayburn told Truman what he thought of the scheme to blow up the convention—and Harry Truman gave in. "All right, gentlemen," he said, "I'll do whatever my old friend John McCormack wants me to do." Since John McCormack was the chairman of the platform committee that had written the civil-rights plank (see below), Truman's move (skillfully kept from the press) was a clear surrender. That night, sputtering and stuttering from his box in the International Amphitheater, Truman did as he had been told, calling the 1956 civil-rights plank "the best we ever had."

Down the Ramp. Thus Harry S. Truman helped remove the last roadblock from the nomination of Adlai Stevenson, for whom he had clearly shown his contempt. When the roll was finally called for the presidential nomination, Truman sat in his seat and turned on a stage grin while Stevenson's total moved past the magic 68½. "I started for my man too late," he said. When newsmen pressured him for statements, he replied defiantly: "You just want to see if I'm gonna cry or not." Would he campaign for Stevenson this fall? Truman hesitated, his face hardening. "If he asks me," said Truman. "He thought I was a detriment last time. Now I'll find out."

On the convention's final night, Harry Truman walked down the ramp to the platform, faced the delegates—and ate crow as though it were squab. Adlai Stevenson, he said to tumultuous applause, was indeed a fighter, because "he's given some of us here a pretty good licking."

⁶ Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky and West Virginia, with a total of 89 electoral votes.

Then he turned to the Republicans and began giving 'em hell, calling the G.O.P. a "bunch of racketeers." When he sat down to hear the acceptance speeches of the younger men who have taken over his party, he wore the fixed smile and the faraway look of an old man, once the most powerful of Democrats, now able to influence only a handful of half-vote delegates.

The Wide-Open Winner

In his moment of triumph, Nominee Adlai Stevenson announced a decision that gave the 1956 Democratic Convention its highest, wildest moments: he left the nomination of a vice-presidential candidate entirely to the will and whim of the delegates without a word about his personal choice.

The backers of Massachusetts' Senator John Kennedy, convinced that they could not get a flat endorsement from Adlai, had been trying for three days to persuade Stevenson to throw the nomination wide open. Stevenson finally gave in to

their main argument: that the Democrats might be able to stir up more trouble for their favorite campaign target, Vice President Nixon, by inviting a sudden-death competition in their own ranks. Immediately after the convention nominated him, Stevenson went to a two-room suite (decorated with prints of American birds, e.g., the black-billed cuckoo and the boat-tailed grackle) in the Stock Yard Inn, next to the convention amphitheater, to talk over his decision with Democratic leaders.

"If He Doesn't Pick . . ." Waiting at the inn were his campaign manager, Jim Finnegan (see box), and his old political sponsor, Chicago's Jacob Arvey. Their private discussion of the pros and cons of Adlai's open-race plan floated over an open transom:

FINNEGAN: They'll say he lacks decisiveness.

ARVEY: It's a very courageous thing to do.

FINNEGAN: It's the first time it's ever been done. I talked to Larry Spivak

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

The man who engineered Adlai Stevenson's campaign through the primaries and into the convention is now setting a course for the White House: James Aloysius Finnegan.

Early Life: Born in Philadelphia, Dec. 20, 1906. Father (an oil-refinery worker) and mother came from County Mayo, Ireland. Graduated from West Philadelphia's Catholic High School for Boys, studied accounting at University of Pennsylvania's night school.

Career: At 24 entered Depression politics, within a year was chairman of his ward's executive committee. In 1939 Philadelphia's Congressman (later Senator) Frank Myers made Finnegan his secretary. Enlisted in the Army Air Forces in 1942 (air combat intelligence), was discharged a lieutenant colonel in 1946. Thrusting once again into home-town politics, he was elected his party's city chairman, built his success by staying mostly in the background and pushing attractive candidates, e.g., Philadelphia Mayors Joe Clark (1951) and Richardson Dilworth (1955). In 1954 he helped persuade an unknown but respected chicken farmer named George Leader to run for governor. Leader won, appointed Finnegan Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Early in 1952, he saw Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson on TV, decided then that Adlai was a sure winner. At the 1952 convention, he helped run the draft-Stevenson movement on the floor, returned to Philadelphia to whip up enthusiasm for the national ticket. Result: Philadelphia gave Stevenson a majority of 160,000 votes.

Techniques: Meticulous planner, canny strategist, he worked from file cards showing names, family and business connections, clubs, hobbies, likes,

dislikes of all 1956 convention delegates and alternates. After Stevenson's California victory, Finnegan crossed Keafauer off his list, recognized Harriman as Stevenson's foremost opponent. He roused Stevenson (who was ready to take it easy), began shuttling him into the West. On a plane to Denver, Adlai complained: "Why do I have to make all these trips?" "Because," said Finnegan evenly, "Averell Harriman might beat you." Adlai stared at him hard, breathed: "Incredible."

Personality & Politics: Silver-haired, trim and ruddy, Finnegan is a light eater, disdains cigars, watches his blood pressure like a campaign manager watching a wavering delegate. No jolly backslapper or joke-smith, he has only an ordinary memory for names and faces, seldom relaxes ("The only time I ever knew him to relax," says Campaign Executive Director Hy Raskin, "was when he took off a weekend in Atlantic City. And then all he did was to sit on someone's front porch and talk politics"). He has never married. He blends a good sense of practical politics with a fairly idealistic view of "good government." Typical Finneganisms: "Good government is good politics." "There should be a reward for those who make a consistent effort for the party. When men have an ability in their jobs and also are a potent political force and are really interested in it, why shouldn't they get a job? More often than not, they give better service than some nonpartisans."

[Meet the Press], and he says we understate the imaginativeness of the American people.

ARVEY: Dave [presumably Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence] doesn't like it. FINNEGAN: Well, suppose he doesn't pick Kennedy. Then the Catholics are against him. If he doesn't pick Kefauver, then he loses all of his people. If he doesn't pick Humphrey, it doesn't make too much difference.

Brimstone Words. When Adlai arrived at the inn, he faced angry opposition in the formidable persons of House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson—who share in the South's dislike of Estes Kefauver and thought a wide-open convention would give the nod to Estes and his primary-built organization. Rayburn and Johnson used brimstone words while protesting that, in giving the convention its choice, Stevenson would seem to be abdicating his responsibility. People might think that Adlai would have equal trouble making up his mind about "whether some night to use the Seventh Fleet."

But Adlai was adamant (he specifically vetoed only Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, who, he said, has yet to make a positive Senate record), and he went off to the amphitheater to launch the Democrats on a night of politicking.

Within minutes after Stevenson made his announcement, no delegate could buy his own drink and no elderly lady could cross a Chicago street without help from an eager vice-presidential candidate. The once-foot-dragging Jack Kennedy suddenly became a bounding ball of energy, stayed up most of the night looking for votes. Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey (the only avowed candidate when the convention opened), Tennessee's Albert Gore and New York's Bob Wagner all hurried themselves bodily into the struggle, but, predictably, it was Estes Kefauver who covered the most ground, shook the most hands and drawled "bless you" to the most speakers proclaiming him "the greatest man America has ever produced." It was 4 a.m. when Estes held his last press conference, described his chances in glowing terms.

"Carmine Can Make This One." By the time the delegates streamed onto the floor Friday afternoon for the big votes, the lines were fairly well drawn. Estes Kefauver had the whooping support of delegates from the farm belt and the power-hungry West. The South and some big-state, big-city machines (with the notable exception of Jim Finnegan's labor-conscious Pennsylvania) were trying to settle on a stop-Kefauver candidate.

The voting began. Illinois—whose Democratic leaders still blame the Kefauver committee investigations for the disastrous defeat of some machine candidates in 1950—voted mostly to Kennedy. Missouri cast its lot with Hubert Humphrey. New York went to Mayor Wagner. Tennessee, where Estes is involved in a furious factional fight with Governor Frank Clement, voted for its other Senator,

Albert Gore.* But the first-ballot count stood: Kefauver 483, Kennedy 304, Gore 178, Wagner 162, Humphrey 134.

The scramble became even madder. Connecticut State Chairman John Bailey, who had been using Governor Abraham Ribicoff as a Kennedy messenger boy, sent word to Carmine De Sapio: "Tell Carmine he can get out of this with something. He can make this one—if he'll go now." Carmine agreed (he has never forgotten that Estes and the Kefauver committee in 1950 made him out an old pal of Racketeer Frank Costello). The Texas delegation caucused. Albert Gore's Texas backers fought wildly, but the delegation was faced down by grim old Sam Rayburn. "Gentlemen," said Rayburn, "you



Francis Miller—LIFE
RUNNER-UP KENNEDY
Caught in his shorts.

can vote as you please—but Sam Rayburn is voting for Kennedy." Under the unit rule, Texas stood 56 for Kennedy.

The Big Switch. The second ballot started, and Kennedy surged handily ahead of Kefauver. The Missouri delegation rushed away to caucus. Connecticut's Bailey grabbed Missouri's Senator Tom Hennings by the lapels and shouted a plea that he turn his Humphrey votes to Kennedy. But Hennings, aware that Kennedy had voted against rigid, 90%-of-parity farm supports, barked right back: "What about the farm vote?" There were angry stirrings in the Tennessee delegation, and Albert Gore grabbed a microphone to withdraw in favor of Kefauver.

* Arriving home in Nashville after the convention, Kefauver-hating Frank Clement waved to a small knot of Kefauver fans. "Hi, everybody," said he cheerily. "We got him in." From the crowd came a loud feminine voice: "You all did everything you could to stop him!" Replied Clement plaintively: "Listen, we did all we could. If it hadn't been for us, he wouldn't have gotten in." The lady: "You don't need to tell us anything. We saw."

At that point Kennedy stood with 648 votes—just 381 short of nomination. Over at the Stock Yard Inn, Kennedy, lolling in a private room in his shorts, began dressing to make his triumphal convention appearance. But before he could get there, the Tennessee ballot had changed the chemistry of the hallooting. Kennedy's vote hung. Kefauver's began to surge. Oklahoma switched from Gore to Kefauver; Minnesota, which had been split between Kefauver and Humphrey, swung solidly behind Estes. Kennedy and Kefauver strained to go over the top, as, in a situation of total confusion, half a dozen standards waved high.

Missouri's Hennings was seen whispering with Massachusetts' Representative John McCormack, who soon spun and came rushing through the crowd toward the chairman's platform. Yelled McCormack: "Sam! Sam! Missouri!" Sam Rayburn, who had been calmly watching the waving standards before deciding which state to recognize, called on Missouri. Tom Hennings announced a switch of 31 votes from Humphrey to Kefauver—Estes was so close that it was all over but the shouting. By directing Rayburn's attention to Missouri, John McCormack had settled a score with Jack Kennedy, the rising young politician who last spring took control of the Massachusetts state organization away from McCormack and his old-guard friends.

The final count was 755 for Kefauver and 580 for Kennedy, who appeared in time to make the motion for Kefauver's nomination by acclamation. Estes Kefauver ambled onto the platform to express his gratitude. He was half dead from his strenuous exertions, but it made little difference in his appearance. Waving his hands and grinning broadly, he shone all over with delight at finally winning the place—or almost the place—on the national ticket that he had been working hard for to those four long years.

Acceptance Speech

Days before the convention opened, the squire from Libertyville took up his pencil and began to scribble out a draft of his acceptance address. He got scores of unsolicited suggestions and memos. After reading them, he tossed them aside and continued on his own. All last week, even during intervals in the hectic Truman crisis, he returned time and again to the isolation of his small, green-tinted law office on Chicago's South La Salle Street. There, shirtsleeved and with tie askew, he revised, updated, rephrased and polished. On the convention's last night Adlai Stevenson stood up before the Democratic delegates as their second-time standard bearer, accepted the nomination in a fighting speech studded with epigrams and clearly wrought phrases that brought applause from his audience 53 times.

Stevenson's theme was the need of the Democratic Party to move beyond the New and Fair Deals and face up to the realities of a "new America"—a theme he frequently clouded with catchwords from

THE OTHER ADLAI

Offstage He Is More Like Himself



IN the fading light of a hot summer day last week, Adlai Stevenson and a few friends left the Chicago Yacht Club, got into a taxi, and headed back to his living quarters at the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. Three days before, Harry Truman had struck. Stevenson was still crowding his hours with visits and visitors, handshakes, receptions, whisperings, conferences. Yet the crucial matters

of the moment now seemed strangely suspended, like a mural of some bygone battle posted on a restaurant wall. It was a lovely yacht club, Stevenson mused; the new terrace was a perfect place for outdoor entertaining. Had anybody noticed the large number of yachts moored near by? How did the Chicago Cubs make out (Cubs o, Redlegs 2)? When the taxi stopped at his hotel, an aide turned Stevenson's attention to a car flying a "Stevenson for President" banner. Stevenson gave a perfunctory look, blinked, appeared to do a double-take as he realized that he was the subject of the unfurled admiration. "Hello!" he shouted. "Thanks—thanks a lot!"

The curious self-detachment of Adlai Ewing Stevenson, 56—marked with solid ribs of shyness, intellectualism, and an abiding sense of correctness—is the base of his perplexing personality, and still puzzle of the politicians.

"Observe, Persist, Learn." The personality was nourished by a quiet, perceptive, Quaker-bred mother, an outliving father, Lewis Green Stevenson (business manager for 45 Midwestern farms, Illinois Secretary of State, 1914-1916), and a wealth of family pride. Great-grandfather Jesse Fell was a close friend of Lincoln's, suggested the Lincoln-Douglas debates, worked for Lincoln's presidential campaign. Adlai's Democratic paternal grandfather and namesake was Vice President in Grover Cleveland's second Administration,* and the old campaign posters still decorate Adlai's den in Libertyville. Adlai's birth naturally prompted his Grandfather William O. Davis (a Republican) to pronounce himself delighted at the "launching of this little presidential craft."

In the old Stevenson home on Washington Street in Bloomington, Ill., Adlai absorbed the family sense of duty, his mother's intense intellectual curiosity. She read him the classics (Dickens, Scott), pumped him with such copy-book admonitions as "Observe, persist, learn." "Keep placid and cheerful, knowing all things come to those who love the Lord and do His works." After prep school (Choate) came Princeton. To the list of heroes that included Lincoln. Great-grandfather Fell and Grandfather Stevenson Adlai added a new one: Princetonian Woodrow Wilson, whom he had met in 1912. Of all the figures in the Democratic pantheon, Idealist Woodrow Wilson is still Stevenson's personal favorite.

He'd Rather Be Writer. Stevenson's family-fanned sense of security and political destiny is strangely balanced by a sense of self-deprecation. He is at his warmest and liveliest among friends and in small informal groups. He likes spirited conversation on nearly every subject, dislikes stuffed shirts and other people's academicism. He can ham up a game of charades, dance smoothly, charm a pretty girl. He is also one of the most artful dodgers of a restaurant check in

public life, affects a studied carelessness about his appearance. The famous 1952 photo of Stevenson's worn-out shoe sole was no contrivance; neither was the pair of eyeglasses he carried last spring—they had been mended with a brass safety pin.

Adlai is tireless while traveling. In Africa last year, he wore out his companions by wading into market places to ogle wares, customs, people. (Once in Malaya, he wrapped his arm around the shoulder of an ancient village chief, cooed: "Hello, Boss. How's the precinct?"). When he campaigns before small groups, Stevenson can be warm and witty. But in preparing a major speech for a major audience, the Stevenson personality abruptly changes.

He will pore for hours over his speech, writing, switching, scratching (quips a friend: "He would rather be writer than President"). When he steps before his audience, he tightens up, his throat constricts and his voice rises. His gestures and his smile become mechanical. The speech comes from cerebration, from Choate and Princeton and Plato, from Seneca and Government reports—rarely from the heart. Even in his studied attempts to be down to earth, he sounds like a professor laying down the day's lecture for the class.

The Other Ego. Stevenson's approach to politics has the same kind of intellectual detachment—a detachment that few working politicians will ever comprehend. What was taken for vacillation in 1952 when Harry Truman offered him the presidential nomination was, to Stevenson, an agonizing awareness of his earlier promise to run for re-election as governor of Illinois, pitted against a desire for service on the national scene. His humility and lack of confidence upon nomination ("Let this cup pass from me") signified mostly that he had not yet thought his way through to seeing himself as President of the U.S. In his new campaign last spring, he personally thought out his decision to call for an end to H-bomb tests (TIME, April 30), and nothing that his friends or advisers could say would dissuade him. On another occasion, he disagreed with some Democrats on a campaign tactic. The tactic, his friends insisted, would be a factor in winning the nomination. "But," replied Stevenson, ending the discussion, "I don't have to win." In this, or in any other discussion of a subject on which he has made up his mind, Stevenson can rise to battle with what a friend has called a "Dean Acheson kind of testiness."

Though he has now won his first big fight, one worry still dogs his partisans: Stevenson is almost totally devoid of the special brand of egotism that drives the professional politician. From the Happy Chandeliers of the world he turns in shuddering dismay, shrinking from their presumptuousness in presenting themselves to the people as great leaders. Adlai's is another type of egotism: the bloom of a seed planted in Bloomington. Looking at candidates and parties coldly, he has now convinced himself that he can perform the duties of the presidency competently, with public benefit and personal integrity. As Stevenson himself might explain it to his audience, "As Polonius said, in all his parental wisdom, 'This above all . . .'"



ADLAI STEVENSON I



JESSE FELL



LEWIS STEVENSON

* Cleveland's first: Thomas A. Hendricks, who died after eight months in office.

his party's past. There was high praise for Eleanor Roosevelt, who "reminded us so movingly that this is 1956 and not 1932; not even 1952; that our problems alter as well as their solutions; that change is the law of life, and that political parties ignore it at their peril." There was also a nod to Harry Truman, the spirit of '48: "I am glad to have you on my side again, sir."

Borrowed Thunderbolts. With thunderbolts from Carlyle and Woodrow Wilson he blasted the Republicans from stem to stern. He did not propose, he said, to make "political capital out of the President's illness." But he attacked Eisenhower as a weak President "cynically coveted [by the Republicans] as a candidate but ignored as a leader." In an oblique thrust at Nixon, he said that if he and Kefauver are elected "and it is God's will that I do not serve my full four years, the people will have a new President they can trust."

The men surrounding Ike, said Stevenson, have dealt "the ultimate indignity to the democratic process": they seek to "merchandise candidates like breakfast cereal." The result: "No Administration has ever before enjoyed such uncritical and enthusiastic support." But has it used this opportunity "to elevate us? To enlighten us? To inspire us?" The delegates answered with thunderous "noes." The truth, he declared, is that not everybody at home is prosperous and that, despite what the President has said, our prestige abroad "has probably never been lower," and "we are losing the cold war."

Borrowed Terms. For one thing he was grateful, he said with irony. By a "minor miracle" the Republicans, "after twenty years of incessant damnation of the New Deal," have finally "swallowed it, or most of it, and it looks as though they could keep it down at least until after election." What, if elected, would Stevenson do? He seemed to be of two minds, one of them wearing an oldtime hat. Under his leadership there would be stronger labor unions and more federal support for farmers, small businesses, power and water development, etc.

The broader answer was contained in the "terms" on which he accepted the nomination. History, he said, "has brought us to the threshold of a new America—to the America of the great ideals and noble visions which are the stuff our future must be made of. I mean a new America where poverty is abolished and our abundance is used to enrich the lives of every family. I mean a new America where freedom is made real for all without regard to race or belief or economic condition. I mean a new America which everlastingly attacks the ancient idea that men can solve their differences by killing each other."

Few could quarrel with that. If the Eisenhower Administration had swallowed the New Deal, the Adlai Stevenson of 1956, in stating his "terms," had also swallowed a lot of the Eisenhower Administration.

PLATFORMS

Something to Live With

Room 115 of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel was air-conditioned, but the occupants were not: they were the 16 members of the Democratic Platform Committee's drafting subcommittee. Early in the morning, after more than four hours of wrangling, softened and moderated by Massachusetts' John W. McCormack, the Democrats' civil-rights plank was nailed down. The subcommittee had handled the blazing Supreme Court issue in the spirit of unity, compromise, and remarkable consideration for each others' regional problems.

"Recent decisions of the Supreme Court relating to segregation," read the crucial paragraph, "have brought consequences of vast importance to our nation as a whole



CHAIRMAN MCCORMACK
No time for a Southerner.

and especially to communities directly affected. We reject all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination of these matters by the courts . . . [The Supreme Court's decisions] are part of the law of the land."

Outside Pressure. For Mississippi's Governor James Plemon Coleman, who led the five-man Southern wing of the subcommittee over the rough flooring of the plank, the results were "palatable"; i.e., the plank was not shoved down his throat. His willingness to negotiate had kept the committee from blowing up altogether. But he and his fellow Southerners were sure of one thing: they would not countenance a change in the wording that would indicate any pledge to implement the Supreme Court's decision. This settled, John McCormack called for a vote at 2:45 a.m. For the record, the solid South dutifully voted against the plank, knowing full well that it would carry 11-5. It did.

No sooner had Chairman McCormack solved his problems within the room than he ran into a violent and unexpected pressure buildup outside. A band of Northern civil-rights warriors, dogmatically certain that any compromise was bad, caught John McCormack before he got to bed. At the head of the band were Michigan's Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams (who comes up for re-election this year, must deal with powerful Negro and auto worker groups in Michigan), New York City's Mayor Bob Wagner, and lesser partisans of the N.A.A.C.P., A.D.A., and other civil-rights groups. They demanded to know what the plank said. McCormack politely refused to tell them.

"Thank You, John." Far into the morning the unhappy warriors, bossed by A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther, fanned out in a relentless search for a copy of the plank. At length they got it; when the subcommittee presented its plank to the full platform committee, a civil-rights agent smuggled out a penciled version of the wording. Now Reuther & Co. set earnestly to work. Nothing would suit the band except the insertion of a sentence in the plank reading, "We pledge to carry out these [Supreme Court] decisions," and the addition of a paragraph from the 1952 platform calling for federal civil-rights legislation, all poison to the South. (Reuther later was willing to concede that the McCormack plank was "something I could live with.") The Reuther group spent most of the day getting 14 (out of 108) members of the platform committee to sign a minority report.

That night, as the minority report and the prospects of a party-shaking civil-rights fight loomed over the convention, the opposing forces gathered for spirited arguments in caucus rooms, back halls, finally behind the rostrum. When these sessions brought no peace, McCormack shrewdly allotted 30 minutes for debate: 20 minutes for his plank and only 10 minutes for the Reuther crowd. Georgia's Governor Marvin Griffin asked McCormack for permission to debate the South's point of view. "Hell no," retorted McCormack. "We need all our time to fight the boys who are trying to make the plank tougher." Griffin well understood. Said he affably: "Thank you, John, I'll just tell the boys that Yankee sofa-bitch wouldn't give me any time."

Others were not so amiable. Cried Virginia's ex-Governor John Battle: "Damn it. We made a bargain and we will stick to it, but we won't give another inch." Plaintively, North Carolina's Senator Sam Ervin complained: "I have surrendered four times . . . Now they want me to surrender a fifth time. Not even General Lee had to surrender more than once."

"I Can Tell." There was no surrender. The insurgents pinned all their hopes on a roll-call vote, but they exhausted themselves trying to round up the necessary backing, threw in the towel when even Harry Truman spoke up against them. McCormack loyalists had pushed through the hall to soothe such rights-conscious

states as New York, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, California. When he sensed that there was no more spirit for fight, Mister Sam cocked ear and gavel for a voice vote on the minority report, ruled correctly that the noes had it. As critics yelled from the floor, Sam flipped his gavel like a menacing Peter Lorre, declared: "I have taken the ayes and noes many times, and I think I can tell." That done, he got a quick vote on the whole platform, and John McCormack trudged wearily off to his first bed rest in 19 hours.

Over the rest of their prolix, 12,000-word platform, the Democrats had little difficulty, called predictably for high, rigid farm price supports (aiming toward 100% of parity), increased tax exemptions, repeal of Taft-Hartley, etc., demanded arms for Israel, internationalization of the Suez. The unexpected sleeper: a strong hint that the Democratic Party looks favorably on protectionism, might like to abandon its historic support of free trade.

Rock 'Em, Sock 'Em

From the protected podium of their Chicago convention hall, a platoon of Democratic orators laid about their right and left. Samples:

The Administration: "This bunch of racketeers" (Harry Truman); "tiddling thumbs while vast natural resources of America [are] being tinkled away like Christmas bells" (Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement); "a vast intellectual desert" (Truman); a "billion-dollar circus" with "the most bizarre political sideshows ever staged" (Oklahoma's Senator Robert Kerr); they have "forsaken the best interests of the people . . . sacrificed the natural-resource heritage of the public" (Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse).^o

Eisenhower: A "genial, glamorous and affable general who had joined the Republican Party after he had reached the age of retirement from the Regular Army" (Clement); "he was born in the district that I represent, and everybody down there that remembers him says he was a good baby. Then he moved off to Kansas, and after he is 60 years of age, he decided he'd be a Republican" (Texas' Sam Rayburn); "he cannot Hagertize his way through this whole campaign" (Clement).

Nixon: "The vice hatchman" of the Republican Party (Clement); "the chief function of the Vice President should not be that of a political sharpshooter for his party. It should not be that of providing the smear under the protection of the President's smile" (Candidate Estes Kefauver); "the White House pet midget, Moby Dick Nixon and his whale of a pup, Checkers" (Kerr).

^o Campaigning for governor in Texas, Democrat Price Daniel complained: "I don't know how many of you saw or heard Senator Wayne Morse when he spoke last night at the Democratic National Convention, but he sits right next to me in the Senate—and that's another good reason for my wanting to come home."

[†] As every moviegoer knows, Moby Dick is the whale.

Dulles: "Unquestionably the greatest unguided missile in the history of American diplomacy" (Clement); "Daredevil John Foster Dulles—world-famous escape artist with his breathtaking, death-defying brink-of-war act" (Kerr).

Circus-minded Robert Kerr of Oklahoma found a niche in his political show for others in the President's Cabinet and aides: "Bull Dog Charlie Wilson and his dog act—energetic bird dogs, howling kennel dogs"; "grinning Jim Hagerly and his most fascinating medicine puppet show"; "Nose-Dive Benson, the flexible man"; "Give-a-Million McKay, the give-away king"; "hapless Harold Stassen, the dying young man on the flying trapeze"; "the little strongman, Sherman Adams, the one Republican who won't run for Vice President. He declines to stop being President."



CHAIRMAN BUTLER
No two-headed monster.

POLITICAL NOTES

Tearful Epilogue

As the Democratic National Committee gathered in the grand ballroom of Chicago's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel at week's end for the usual convention epilogue, Utah Committeeman Calvin Rawlings dutifully offered a resolution praising National Committee Chairman Paul M. Butler for the 1956 convention arrangements. Other committee members rose to add their praise. Suddenly, slender, intense Paul Butler was sobbing. When the white-haired Indianan had regained control of himself, he faced the committee. "I'm sure you do not realize," he said as his voice caught in his throat, "you are writing my political epitaph. In a moment, I shall submit my resignation, and I urge you to accept it."

After 19 months as their chairman, Butler knew his Democrats well: at that moment, on Adlai Stevenson's decision,

he was indeed on his way out. He had dismayed party professionals with his over-eager, often ill-judged partisanship, e.g., his television attack on the Columbia Broadcasting System for failing to carry the Democratic campaign movie, *The Pursuit of Happiness*, from the convention hall (see Press). Among his associates, his temper and taut nerves had earned him the nickname of "Mr. Bang." And worst of all, during the convention he had fallen out with such Stevenson advisers as Jim Finnegan and Dave Lawrence over the timing of Stevenson's acceptance speech.

But soon after Butler had dried his eyes, Stevenson relented, reversed his decision, and passed the word that the committee could go ahead and elect Butler their chairman again. It was a hollow victory. In a private conference with Butler, Stevenson made it clear that Finnegan, not Butler, would be the "architect" of the campaign. Finnegan will set up headquarters in Washington, near those of the national committee, so that there will be no "two-headed monster" like that of 1952, when Stevenson campaign offices in Springfield frequently worked at cross purposes with capital leaders. Butler's only 1956 duties: those of an "administrator." Exactly what he will administer was never made clear.

Maneuvers in Maryland

While the higher-flying Democrats plotted at a national level last week, local leaders attending the Chicago convention were also busy with their own problems. A *TIME* correspondent, prowling a hotel lobby, overheard this conversation between Baltimore's broad and boisterous Mayor Tommy D'Alesandro and another Maryland delegate. Subject: Millard Tydings, hand-picked last spring to battle Republican John Marshall Butler for his old Senate seat, since hospitalized with a serious attack of shingles.

Delegate: Tommy, we gotta get rid of Tydings.

D'Alesandro: Tydings 90% dead is better than Butler.

Delegate: Yeh, but we can't run him from John Hopkins.

D'Alesandro: Why not? The Republicans are running like from Walter Reed.

Delegate: Naw, we gotta have a winner.

D'Alesandro: We will. We're going to dump Tydings. I'll announce it in a couple of days.

Delegate: Who is it, Tommy?

D'Alesandro: I can't tell you yet, but I will say this. He's a businessman, he's clean, he's never been in politics and he's okay with the [Baltimore] Sun.

Delegate: Why not you, Tommy?

D'Alesandro: Hell, no. My boys want jobs. What can I give 'em from the Senate? Just some lousy elevator operators.

From his home at Havre de Grace, Md., Tydings announced this week that the state of his health made it "impossible for me to conduct a vigorous campaign." He withdrew from the Senate race.

FOREIGN NEWS



Ahmed Youssef from Akhbar El Yom

CONVOY OF SOUTHBOUND SHIPS PASSING THROUGH SUEZ CANAL.

SUEZ

The Principles of 1888

*In the Name of Almighty God
Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India; His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia; His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, etc., and Apostolic King of Hungary; His Majesty the King of Spain and in the name of the Queen Regent of the Kingdom; the President of the French Republic; His Majesty the King of Italy; His Majesty the King of The Netherlands, Grand Duke of Luxembourg, etc.; His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias; His Majesty the Emperor of the Ottomans; wishing to establish by a Conventional Act a definite system destined to guarantee at all times, and for all the Powers the free use of the Suez Maritime Canal . . .*

The years since 1888 have been hard on the grand titles of those who sponsored the Constantinople treaty for the Suez Canal. But the diplomats of 22 trading nations, gathered last week in London, were still engaged in the same pursuit: preserving a "definite system" of international control over the canal, in the face of Egyptian Dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser's seizure of the Suez for the "grandeur of Egypt."

This reasonable goal was something less than what was sought when the conference was first proposed three weeks ago. Then the angry British and French wanted a fast session to whip off an ultimatum backed by force to smash the pretensions of the Egyptian strongman. But by the time the 200 diplomats and aides

gathered around the hollow rectangle in Lancaster House last week, even the British were beginning to say that their utter dependence on the canal for oil imports was not really so utter. They could survive, even if put to great inconvenience. "Many are thinking," said the London *Economist*, "of the supertankers that will return to Vasco da Gama's way of evading Levantine pressure," i.e., the voyage around Africa. What most delegates now sought was some compromise that would concede Nasser's legal right of nationalization of the Suez Company, provided that he accepted internationalization of control of the canal.

Back to Charles XII. The return to the principles of 1888 was proclaimed in John Foster Dulles' skillful, lawyerlike opening conference speech. "In the Suez Canal the interdependence of nations reaches perhaps its highest point," said Dulles. "The economic life of many nations has been shaped by reliance on the Suez Canal system, which has treaty sanction. To shake and perhaps shatter that system or to seek gains from threatening to do so, is not a triumph, neither does it augment grandeur. The Suez Canal, by reason of its internationalized character, both in law and in fact, is the last place wherein to seek the means of gaining national triumphs." He made passing reference to Nasser's much quoted *Philosophy of the Revolution* (see box) and its implicit threat of an Arab withholding of oil, "the sinew of material civilization without which machines would cease to function." To guard against such threats, Dulles proposed an international board to run the canal.

A "masterly" presentation, said Britain's Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd.

Even Foreign Minister Osten Unden of neutral Sweden spoke up to endorse Dulles' speech, moving one veteran conferencegoer to remark: "Unden is the first Swede to know what side he is on since Charles XII."

Russia's bulky Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov made a speech full of the usual Russian irrelevancies, but noteworthy, despite its buttering up of Nasser, in its acknowledgment of the need for "international cooperation." Meeting for the first time, Shepilov and Dulles held several fruitful side sessions. Against the original rigidity of the British and French positions, both Russia and the U.S. stressed flexibility, raising the ironic possibility that these two opponents might bring together those who for years have volunteered to provide a bridge between them.

Telling Nasser. As the side-room politicking began, Nasser's chief political aide, Wing Commander Ali Sabri, flew in from Cairo. He announced that shipowning nations still had rights in Suez—"the same rights as a customer in a shop." Then he went into a long session with India's Krishna Menon, whose eagerness to defend Nasser's anti-Western stand was slightly tempered by awareness that the canal is also his country's road to market. At week's end one Asian delegate asserted that, of the half-dozen Asian representatives he had talked to, all but Menon had expressed "horror" at the idea of Egypt holding supreme control of the waterway.

While back in Indonesia, President Sukarno was crying (in English) "Hands off Egypt!" at a Djakarta mass meeting, one of his delegates was saying privately in London: "We young nations need the tools of industrialization that come to us

through the canal—and we cannot afford, as you can, to have them go round the longer and more expensive way. This is what we are telling Nasser.” France’s Foreign Minister Pineau made the same point to the conference, in a shrewd effort to divert the issue from Nasser’s cry of colonialism.

At week’s end Britain’s Selwyn Lloyd (who had originally called the seizure a greater threat to Britain than Korea or the Berlin blockade) made some incisive contributions to the search for a temperate answer. “Sovereignty,” he said, “does not mean the right to do exactly what you please within your own territory. The maxim, ‘So use your own that you do not hurt that which belongs to another (*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*)’ is one which is accepted by every legal system in the world.” Furthermore, said Lloyd, “there is no real substance in the idea that a state suffers infringement of its sovereignty by allowing an international authority to perform certain functions in its territory.” He cited the examples of the international commissions that already run such international rivers as the Rhine and the Danube.

The whole bent of the conference was now to show Nasser that he could accept an international Suez authority without diminishing his country’s sovereignty one iota. The effort was conciliatory, free of threats of what would happen if he refused. John Foster Dulles worked on a scheme for a new Constantinople treaty, so that Egypt need not accept what it had already spurned. So long as he was ready to accept what Germany’s Foreign Minister von Brentano called international “institutional safeguards,” Nasser had a chance to own his Canal Company (after due compensation), and the world had a chance of guaranteed freedom of navigation.

The opportunity was Nasser’s, and the onus of refusal his.

EGYPT

The Counterpuncher

See Cover!

The man the London conference was all about stayed home in Cairo last week getting in provisions for a long fight. Gamal Abdel Nasser affected to be confident, but he could not bring off an appearance of indifference. TIME Correspondent John Mecklin, in a private interview, found him tense and unusually subdued, in his bare little office in the building beside the Nile that ex-King Farouk built as his yacht house. Dictator Nasser seemed more concerned about the threat of economic sanctions than of armed invasion. His right knee jiggled constantly as he talked.

The London conference? “I don’t know what to expect. We had a reply today from Monsieur Pineau in his speech. He said he would agree to our ownership of the canal if we would agree to internationalize it.” Nasser leaned back laughing, and lit up an L & M cigarette.

“Really,” he said, “there’s a lot of con-

fusion about this. We are ready to discuss freedom of navigation—but the canal is part of our land.”

What would he like the U.S. to do now? “Be fair, just fair. The Russians are fair, you are not. In your proposals of yesterday you are supporting collective colonialism, while the Russians in their proposals today are supporting our sovereignty and dignity.”

Is a neutral policy still possible for Egypt? “What’s a neutral policy? Neutrality is a term to use only in war. We adopt an independent policy, a policy of active coexistence. One-third of our trade is with the Western bloc, one-third with the Eastern bloc, and one-third with the rest of the world. If our trade had all been with the West, we would be in a very critical position today. Thank God we had this policy.” He lit another cigarette, fingered his Dunhill lighter nervously.

What if Egypt should be attacked? “We would fight.”

What if the West should apply economic sanctions? “We would try by all our means to escape. You know we are a patient country. What would the effect be upon world conscience? This would be an action against the sovereignty and independence of all countries. The West would lose ground all over the world.”

Would Egypt try to increase its trade with Russia? “Of course, we would use any means when it’s a choice of starving or cooperating with anyone. In this connection we are preparing to receive a Chinese delegation at the end of this month. They are ready to supply anything we can’t get from the outside.” Arms? “We have enough arms. We think about food if there are going to be sanctions.”

“Somewhere in Jordan.” The dictator’s remarks were made with an assurance that his demeanor did not fully match. This was a heady game he was playing: one man against 22 of the world’s most

powerful nations—though he counted on having some on his side to begin with, and others if he played his cards right.

With skill, Dictator Nasser last week sought to display a double image: an Egypt under calm discipline, an Arab world up in arms. The Arab League’s political committee, ever ready to accent the negative, met in Cairo and strongly endorsed Nasser’s seizure of the Suez. On the day the London conference began, all Egypt stopped work for 24 hours, and stopped talking for five minutes, in protest. About the only operation in the country unaffected by the strike was the daily passage of ships through the canal, which the government’s control agency ordered to continue as usual. In Syria, Lebanon and Iraq, Western-owned pipelines stopped pumping oil for most of a day. In Libya, police used tear gas to break up a pro-Egyptian demonstration. Nasser’s propaganda news agency proclaimed the organization at a secret session “somewhere in Jordan,” of an Arab underground stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. “Particular stress was laid on the importance of destroying oil fields and pipelines and paralyzing work of all imperialist companies sucking the blood of Arab peoples.” That was the clenched fist of the man with the cigarette in his other hand.

Gamal Abdel Nasser is a tall (6 ft.), hefty Egyptian of 38 who just four years ago was an unknown infantry officer in a beaten and discredited army. Not very long ago, Western leaders (and even Israel’s) saluted him as a genuine, responsible leader at last in the Middle East, a young man whose forceful vision might yet bring tranquility where there was chaos. Today, having seized control of the world’s most important waterway, he is defiantly whipping up Arab hatred to drive the Western powers from the Middle East. Said one Western expert: “We



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Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas.

Fox

thought we were dealing with a kitten. In fact it was a leopard."

There are other names for him too. London's Tory *Daily Mail* calls him "Hitler on the Nile." The Peking press coos: "Egyptian brother." France's Premier Guy Mollet has called him "a megalomaniac" dictator. "This is how Fascist governments behave," warns Sir Anthony Eden. The Cairo press calls him "savior of the people," the Israelis say "highway robber," "treacherous wolf." Nehru's private verdict: "Too young and inexperienced." To France's Foreign Minister Christian Pineau, Nasser is "a congenial liar."

"One-Card Game." Nasser's own view of himself is as a man of destiny, fitted to play a role in the Arab world "wandering aimlessly in search of a hero" (see box). "We are in a position to ruin the West if we set to work and stop talking," he has said.

Nasser has always admitted that his movement was essentially negative, "a revolution without a plan." He has costumed himself in the verbiage of Western liberalism, but in fact his regime has been politically retrogressive. Only last June, 5,000,000 Egyptians certified his dictatorship by casting a 99.9% majority in "free" elections. Years ago he wrote a friend: "I really believe that imperialism is playing a one-card game in order to threaten only. If ever it knew that there were Egyptians ready to shed their blood and to meet force by force, it would have given way like a harlot." Nasser is a counterpuncher who has won a number of prelims by meeting blow with counter-blow. All things considered, he has come far; the question is, how much farther can he go?

Double Revolution. Nasser's own life sharply defines the Middle East's double

revolution, in which men torn between new Western ideas and old Oriental traditions seek to shake off Europe's political dominance, but, with the techniques learned from Europe, also to break free from their country's stagnant past. It is a combination most often found these days in soldiers of humble origins, European-trained, and hotly nationalistic.

Nasser was born in a farm village some 200 miles up the Nile from Cairo. Like most Egyptians, he was of mixed Egyptian and Arab stock. "We were all one family there," he has said. "The landlords treated the people as slaves." His father was an assistant postmaster. Sent to school in Cairo, young Nasser learned the classic Middle East three Rs: reading, 'riting and rioting. Shouting "O Almighty, disaster take the British!", he fought nationalist street battles, won admittance to the military academy. Of these struggles

ROLE IN SEARCH OF A HERO

The Three Circles of Nasser's Ambition

Nasser's The Philosophy of the Revolution, published two years ago, has now become must reading in Western chancelleries. France's Premier Mollet calls it Nasser's Mein Kampf. In a time of tension, the comparison is pat, but overreaching. Yet, like Mein Kampf, Nasser's little book is a self-revealing portrait of a restless, unstable man intoxicated with vast ambitions. Excerpts:

FATE does not jest and events are not a matter of chance —there is no existence out of nothing. We cannot look at the map of the world without seeing our own place on it. . . .

For some reason it seems to me that within the Arab circle there is a role wandering aimlessly in search of a hero. For some reason it seems to me that this role is beckoning to us—to move, to take up its lines, put on its costume and give it life. Indeed, we are the only ones who can play it. The role is to spark the tremendous latent strengths in the region surrounding us to create a great power, which will then rise up to a level of dignity and undertake a positive part in building the future of mankind.

The First Circle

There can be no doubt that the Arab circle is the most important and the one with which we are most closely linked. For it is intertwined with us by history. We have suffered together, we have gone through the same crises, and when we fell beneath the steeds of the invaders they were with us under the same hooves. We are also bound within this circle by virtue of religion.

I maintain we are strong. The only trouble is, we do not realize just how strong we are. When I try to analyze the elements of our strength, there are three main sources. The first is that we are a community of neighboring peoples. . . .

The second source of strength is our land itself and its position on the map of the world—that important strategic position which embraces the crossroads of the world, the thoroughfare of its traders and passageway of its armies.

There remains the third source: oil, a sinew of material civilization without which all its machines would cease to function. The great factories producing every kind of goods—all the instruments of land, sea, and air communication; all the weapons of war, from the mechanical bird above the clouds to the submarines beneath the waves—all would cease to function, and rust would overcome every iron part beyond hope of motion or life. . . .

The center of world oil production has shifted from the U.S., where wells are going dry, the cost of land is going up and the wages of workers have risen, to the Arab area where the wells are still virgin, where land over vast spaces continues to cost nothing, and where the worker continues to receive less than a subsistence wage. Half the proved reserves of oil in the world lie beneath Arab soil. Have I made clear how great the importance of this element of strength is? So we are strong—strong not in the loudness of our voices when we wail or shout for help, but rather when we remain silent and . . . really understand the strength resulting from the ties binding us together.

The Interior of the Dark Continent

If next we turn to the second circle, the continent of Africa, I may say without exaggeration that we cannot under any circumstances, however much we might wish to, remain aloof from the terrible and sanguinary struggle going on in Africa today between five million whites and 200 million Africans. We cannot do so for an obvious and important reason: we are in Africa. The peoples of Africa will continue to look to us, who guard their northern gate and who constitute their link with all the outside world.

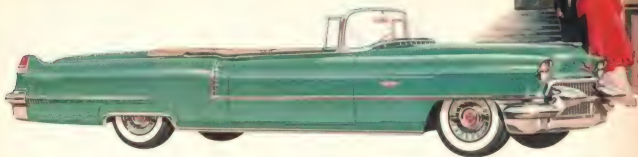
Islamic Domain

There remains a third circle—a circle which stretches across continents and oceans and which is the domain of our brothers in faith who all, wherever under the sun they may be, turn as we do in the direction of Mecca and whose devout lips speak the same prayers.

When I consider the 80 million Moslems in Indonesia and the 50 million in China, and the millions in Malaya, Siam and Burma, and the close to 100 million in the Middle East, and the 40 million inside the Soviet Union, and the other millions in far-flung parts of the world—when I consider these hundreds of millions united by a single creed, I emerge with a sense of the tremendous possibilities which we may realize through the cooperation of all these Moslems, a cooperation not going beyond the bounds of their natural loyalty to their own countries, yet enabling them and their brothers in faith to wield a power without limit.

And now I go back to the wandering role looking for a hero to play it. The role is there. Its characteristics I have described. This is the stage. By the laws of geographical circumstance, we alone are able to play it.

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A Great Name in Oil

he has bitterly said: "You come back from your studies feeling a new world is in front of you to a home where there is no food to eat."

In the army he learned to hate the corrupt corruption of King Farouk and his senior officers. Wounded in the Palestine fighting, outraged at the army's wretched performance and sleazy equipment, Nasser went back to Cairo to conspire his way to power. Of the Free Officers' movement he says simply: "I am the original." On the night of July 22, 1952, the plotters struck. Victorious, Nasser ruled through General Mohammed Naguib for two years, then through a junta of which he was the Premier.

When he first came to power, Nasser's knowledge of how to run a country was close to zero, and he said so. In 1953, when he was negotiating with the British for the evacuation of their Suez base, he suddenly broke off the talks one day, explaining to the astounded British that they were making things too complicated for him. "The British are too clever," he told a friend. "I think I'll take some time out." The talks were resumed some weeks later. Today Nasser still plays the role of youthful amateur, frank and quick-witted in private conversation, making his sharper points with a disarming, school-boyish grin. It is one of his most winning techniques. But in fact, Gamal Abdel Nasser has acquired a new opinion of himself.

"I'm Too Suspicious." This may have been as inevitable as his success. From the day of the revolution, he set out to be boss, and chafed at the delays in getting decisions inside the old Free Officers' junta. Of the 14 members of Nasser's first junta, four in top jobs survived when Nasser finally dissolved it and became constitutional President this summer. A friend once asked the strongman why he was so reluctant to delegate authority. "Show me ten men I can trust," he replied, "and I will delegate authority." Recently a visiting diplomat, who had been doing a lot of business with him, remarked: "Sometimes I think I hardly know you, despite all our talks." Nasser's answer was candid: "Nobody does. I'm too suspicious."

Closest to Nasser is the man to whom he first confided his conspiratorial ambitions in 1942: Army Chief Abdel Hakim Amer, 36. He still plays chess with Nasser ("A fox," says Amer), and is in on all the big moves. Ali Sabri, 36, whom Nasser sent to London to keep watch on the Suez conference, is his political fixer, and probably sees him most frequently. Sabri is also Nasser's most frequent tennis opponent (Sabri usually wins—Nasser has gained weight of late). These and other close advisers are smart, dedicated—and obedient.

"I Run Everything." His trip last spring to the Bandung conference, where Nehru and Chou En-lai made much of him, helped convince Nasser that he had become a world figure. His pressagents, exuberantly whooping up the cult of the Cairo hero, seem to have influenced him at least as much as their readers. Two

years of almost unbridled authority have also left their mark. "I know everything that goes on in this country," he told a U.S. newsmen recently. "I run everything myself."

To make good on that boast, he works a ferocious schedule, often staying up till 4 a.m. dictating letters and memos on every subject of government. He is a tireless reader of the newspapers, and cons the entire Arab world press daily, down to the last movie review. It is one of the world's misfortunes that, never having lived in a free country, Nasser does not grasp how Western policy is made, and tends to read all sorts of secret motivations and nonexistent attitudes of governments into the comments of the foreign press. He has become excessively sensitive to personal criticism, and maintains a tight censorship over his own press.

Nasser, says one caustic Englishman, "displays that unmistakable mark of the



NASSER IN STUDENT DAYS
Reading, 'riting and rioting.

second-rate, the belief that human affairs can be reduced to simple, single causes." In a safe in his office he keeps a neat file of all his main problems, with the essentials of each summarized as briefly as his staff can get them down. When the dictator has to face a problem, he writes down the considerations in three columns on a piece of paper. In one column he sets down what he wants to do, in the next the obstacles, in the third his possible courses of action. "He doesn't always recognize all the obstacles," one of his friends concedes.

Pact Trouble. The U.S. and Nasser got off to a fine start when John Foster Dulles visited Cairo in 1953 and listened to Egypt's dynamic young leader argue earnestly that the country's troubles lay, not in Palestine, but at home—where a misgoverned and exploited population,

grown from 10 million to 22½ million in 50 years, needed land, three square meals, and some intimation of human dignity. With every intention of basing its Middle East policy on a revitalized Egypt, the U.S. poured \$25.0 million in economic aid into Nasser's development program, helped him get the British out of their Canal Zone base, and sent Ambassador Henry Byroade, a West Pointer who could work closely and frankly with a fellow army man, "Egypt stands today in every respect with the West," smiled Nasser.

But Nasser declined to sign a military aid agreement with the U.S. "Too much like 'colonization,'" he said. He did not like the anti-Communist Baghdad Pact, either. But it was Israel's 1955 Gaza Strip raid, in which 38 of his soldiers were killed, that Nasser called "the turning point." "Until that moment," said Nasser later, "I felt the possibility of real peace was near." He counterpunched. He had to have more arms, he said.

While the U.S. hesitated, anxious not to start an arms race in the Middle East, the Russians saw the chance they had been looking for. The Nasser who found Chou En-lai's coexistence charter at Bandung "quite convincing" sounded to Communists like their kind of neutralist—a soldier, a conspirator with a smoldering sense of anti-colonial vengeance. By offering arms to Nasser, the Communists could strike hard at the Baghdad Pact. They could also win a foothold at last in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Double Play. Their deal gave Nasser a reported 200 MIG fighters, 50 jet bombers, 200 tanks, two destroyers, six submarines. Nonetheless, Washington at first took Nasser's word that it was just a commercial transaction with the Czechs, based on considerations of self-defense and the need for bartering away surplus cotton. Turning the other cheek, the U.S. practically embargoed arms shipments to Israel, and even volunteered to help build a \$1.3 billion dam at Aswan, offering Nasser a \$56 million grant for a starter. The World Bank pledged an additional \$200 million loan.

But that tireless student of the Levantine press already knew that his Soviet arms deal had set the whole Arab world afire. He had played the West against the East, and come out on top; he had received arms from the East, and stood to get a dam from the West. He began to throw his weight around. When the British tried to line up Jordan with the Baghdad Pact, he counterpunched. Radio Cairo's propaganda, joined by Saudi gold and Communist intrigue, helped bold Glubb Pasha out of Jordan. Nasser's broadcasts spread hatred for the U.S. among the 900,000 Palestinian refugees. In French North Africa, Nasser's radio preached enmity to the French. Despite Nasser's "soldier's word" to the contrary, the French say that in Algeria they have captured 50 graduates of Egyptian non-com schools, and believe there are 500 more Egyptian-trained guerrillas fighting there.

The British and French were the first

to become disenchanted with Nasser. But slowly the U.S. learned, too. Nasser had made, not one deal for \$60 million in Czech arms, but four—for a total of some \$240 million; he had pledged such sums that it seemed doubtful that Egypt would have any money left to pay its part of the Aswan Dam costs. He boldly tried to blackmail the U.S. with a Russian offer to build the dam—an offer that proved to be nonexistent. In a fit of pique at the U.S., he recognized Communist China, breaking his word to Byroade that he would let him know first. He freely admitted recently to having lied about the "Czech" arms deal: it had been with Russia all the time.

India's Nehru is convinced that the U.S. withdrawal of its offer to build Nasser's high dam is not what set him off recently, but "the way it was done." Whatever set him off, Nasser in a blind rage counterpunched. Screaming: "Americans, may you choke to death on your fury!", he ordered his police to seize the Suez Canal Company. "The annual income of the company is \$100 million!" he shouted. "Why not take it ourselves? We shall build the high dam as we desire. The company will be nationalized. And it will be run by Egyptians! Egyptians! Egyptians!"

Universal Ditch. Once again, the man who tried to figure out everything on paper had not paid due heed to the obstacles in his second column. Says a friend: "He didn't understand that the British mean what they say when they call the canal the lifeline of empire. He thought this would be like the Czech arms deal, a stir for a couple of weeks and then forgotten."

The crisis also brought fresh proof that in the coiled-spring character of Nasser there is a cool, calculating brain, as well as an emotional impulsiveness. The expropriation of the Universal Suez Canal Company, though executed as an act of hurried vengeance, had been thoroughly prepared for 2½ years. Nasser's case was technically strong, since the company is Egyptian and owes its existence to Egyptian law. Yet the notion that the international waterway belongs to Egypt and can be run to Egypt's will is insupportable under the original compact and inadmissible in practice. The great Frenchman, De Lesseps, who conceived and built the canal, was a private citizen with a belief in "universalism" (the 19th century equivalent of One World), who called his company "universal" in the hope that it "will weld the whole universe into one great unit, politically, industrially, religiously."

Today the Suez Canal is more a world seaway than ever. Last year 14,666 ships passed through, half of them tankers.

Nearly half of all Western Europe's oil imports pass through the canal. Almost all of the 525 French, British, Greek, Dutch, Scandinavian, Yugoslav and other non-Egyptian employees have pledged to quit working for their new Egyptian bosses whenever their old bosses tell them to. "These foreign workers include all the key men, the technicians and engineers," said a canal expert. "Without them the Egyptians couldn't run the canal for more than a week." Last week the Egyptians admitted that the number of convoys making the 103-mile, slow journey through the canal each day had been cut from two each way to one each way, because many of the 200 pilots "have not returned from their vacations."

Sweet Independence. Nasser and his canal bosses have the advantage of possession. As Nasser predicted, the British and French threats to retake Suez by

studying the teletyped Big Three communiqué. In the morning the Egyptian press bannered the word that Egypt would say no that very day, but Nasser announced to his staff that he had decided to postpone a decision. He made his decision only after a week. The delay gave Nasser time to recruit some allies.

Choosing His Words. By the time he finally spoke, he had sought the Russian ambassador's advice six times. His press conference was a slickly staged affair held in the Egyptian Chamber of Deputies, unused since the 1952 revolution. The key phrase of his statement, rejecting the invitation as an act of "collective colonialism," was his own idea. "Perhaps the Americans will understand better if I say it this way," he said. "They don't like words like collective."

After last week's press conference, Nasser talked long with India's Krishna Menon. Then he left by car to join his family at a riverside government rest house just north of Cairo. There he spent the day with his wife Tabia, their three sons and two daughters. The main event: an afternoon showing of six *Tom and Jerry* cartoons, with the President himself running the projector.

Whenever Nasser finds time to join his family these days, he takes the youngsters swimming at an Alexandria beach called Borg el Arab (top temperature in Cairo last week: 108°). He also finds an outlet for his pent-up tensions by lining up empty Coca-Cola bottles in the sand and shooting them up with his service revolver. Though President of his country, and wandering hero to the Arab world, Nasser has lost none of his old field soldier's disdain for luxury. This summer, while an extra room is being added to his family's five-room bungalow, he works and sleeps in one room at his old revolutionary headquarters on Cairo's Gezira Island.

What Says the Sphinx? One hot night last week the dictator turned his back on his telephones and Teletype messages to ride out from Cairo to the Pyramids. There, where Napoleon cheered his troops into action with the words: "Forty centuries look down upon you!", Gamal Abdel Nasser walked alone in the moonlight. By week's end he had still not acted. The counterpuncher was still waiting. He had never been in so tight a spot. His consolation was that others were in a spot too, and might find it to their own interests to propose a compromise in a way that he might accept—as a gesture volunteered rather than extorted from him.

But even if such an accommodation should be reached between Nasser and the West, giving this proud man what looks to the Arab world like a victory (since he



Look Magazine from International
NASSER & FAMILY
Father shoots up the empty Coke bottles.

force faded quickly. The earnest reformer who used to say: "How easy it is to appeal to the emotions of the people—and how difficult to appeal to their minds!" now went around tearfully calling on boys to form home-guard units, and confiding in his handlers: "Never before have I tasted the sweetness of independence like this." The night the Big Three call for the London conference arrived in Cairo, Nasser and his advisers debated for several hours what to do about it. All agreed immediately that Egypt could not go, and that the invitation should be rejected, immediately. When the conversation broke up at 2 a.m., the word was passed to the controlled press.

After he got to bed, however, Nasser could not sleep. He got up and resumed

• Nasser's wife Tabia, 19; Mona, 9, holding Abdel Hakim, 1½; Khalid, 6½; Abdel Hamid, 5; and Huda, 10.



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would still own the canal), he had already lost something precious and irreplaceable. No longer were the British and French insisting that he be brought to heel publicly: they would settle for the fact rather than the admission. But whether Nasser knows it or not, he has, by his duplicity and by his tearing of the fabric of international agreements, forfeited the indispensable good will of the West that alone could help build a strong, new Egypt.

He may seem to be "getting away with it" for the moment, for if he proves amenable, the Western nations are ready to let him off for now: they have no wish to make a martyr of him. Or he may, desperate and defiant, go further to make himself dependent on the Communists—who, by reason of his policies, are now for the first time a force in the Middle East. The West is anxious to save him from that too.

But when Britain and France apply to a head of state such words as liar and fascist, it means that they have made a fundamental decision about him. They may find it impossible or impolitic to push him out. But they will not lift a finger to help Nasser if he totters: they will not mourn him if he falls.

This is the tragedy of a man who in many respects has given Egypt the most effective, certainly the most honest government in years: a man sincere in devotion to the improvement of his impoverished land and desperate people. He had, and has, immense capabilities, however much they have been flawed by the workings of his ambition. The tragedy is that he does not see that it is not Arab strength which the West has reason to fear, so much as Arab weakness.

CYPRUS

The First Move

Englishmen once again walked the streets of Cyprus freely, and in the capital of Nicosia long-idle café waiters scurried to serve capacity crowds. For the first time in months there even were queues outside the theaters near "Murder Mile"—downtown Ledra Street which E.O.K.A., the Greek Cypriot underground, had so long terrorized with its murders.

The tranquility that settled last week over Britain's terror-torn Mediterranean base rested on a strange foundation. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, the peppery British Governor of Cyprus, had doggedly reiterated the terms on which Britain would abandon her "get tough" policy in the island: "Let the murderers make the first move if there is to be a stopping of violence." Unexpectedly, E.O.K.A. did just that. In leaflets scattered throughout Cyprus, "Digenis the Leader" of E.O.K.A. (presumably former Greek Army Colonel George Grivas) ordered "from today suspension of operations by all forces under my authority," in return for a military truce.

Pieces of Paper. E.O.K.A.'s offer caught both friends and foes by surprise. In Athens the Greek government, long at loggerheads with Britain over Cyprus,

promptly drew up a communiqué praising E.O.K.A.'s "noble decision," then in a rush of doubt held it up for 24 hours on the ground that the leaflets might not be authentic. The British government's first reaction was equally cautious. "You must remember," said a British spokesman, "that this is only one man's offer, and it came from pieces of paper scattered in the street."

Assuming the offer genuine, it represented a major concession—and come-down—by E.O.K.A. In Athens it was described as giving the British a chance to save face. In London it was seen as vindication of Harding's stern policy of military repression of terrorism. E.O.K.A., said the British, had been sobered both by its losses of men and material and by the fact that the Greek Cypriot populace, which once gave E.O.K.A. almost unanimous approval, has been increasingly dis-



James Whitmore—Life

FIELD MARSHAL HARDING
On Murder Mile, a rare tranquillity.

tressed by bombings, riots and curfews. (In the past few weeks several Greek Cypriots, including an ex-member of the E.O.K.A., have made anti-E.O.K.A. broadcasts over Cyprus Radio.)

A third explanation was possible. The Suez crisis might increase British willingness to grant substantial political concessions to Cypriots in return for peace, but it has almost reduced to the vanishing point the possibility that Britain will voluntarily surrender her last military base in the Middle East to Greece.

Test of Intentions. "A chance for a fresh start," Sir John Harding called it. Before the fresh start could be made, however, the sincerity of E.O.K.A.'s truce proposal had to await a week or two's test. The next step would be for the British to recall Greek Cypriot Leader Archbishop Makarios from his lonely Seychelles Islands exile.

Digenis the Leader had concluded his offer with a threat to meet any British

violation of the truce with renewed violence. "on a fiercer and more intensive scale." But the British, too, were in a mood to test good intentions and to prove their own. Day after the truce leaflets appeared, the Cyprus supreme court commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence that had been passed on 18-year-old Chrysotomos Panayi for participating in the bombing of a military police barracks. The following day the District Commissioner of Nicosia lifted a four-month-old ban on nighttime use of motorcycles and bicycles. Cautiously everyone wondered: Can the good news be true?

BAHREIN

The Uncontrollable Genie

In the summer of 1925 a young Englishman named Charles Dalrymple Belgrave found himself in a quandary as old as the state of matrimony. Home on leave from a colonial service job in Tanganyika, Belgrave had become smitten with the Mayfair-bred daughter of a prosperous knight, and knew he could not support her on his colonial service pay. He began to read the "Personals" column of the London Times and was intrigued by this one:

WANTED: Young gentleman, age 22 to 28, public school and/or university education, required for service in an Eastern state; proficiency in languages essential.

Firing off a reply, Belgrave discovered that the post was that of adviser to Sheik Hamed bin Issa al Khalifah of Bahrain, a 213-square-mile British protectorate composed of five islands lying off the coast of Saudi Arabia in the Persian Gulf. Charles Belgrave had never heard of Bahrain, but the pay was enough to get married on.

Belgrave and his bride arrived in March 1926, found Bahrain a feudal and impoverished place. Manama, the crumbling mud capital, did not even have its own water supply. (Water brought from the mainland by ship was hawked through filthy streets in goatskin bags.) The populace, illiterate, diseased and unruly, was forever trying to overthrow the Sheik. The police, imported from Muscat on the Arabian coast, were, if anything, even less law-abiding.

A Helping Hand. Sheik Hamed, who was primarily interested in hunting bustard with his falcons, was willing to give his "adviser" a virtually free hand. With Hamed's backing, Belgrave packed off the imported cops and established an effective police force. Only once has Belgrave felt it necessary to give his red-turbaned cops a hand. During an anti-Jewish riot in 1947, the 6-ft., 4-in., 200-lb. adviser dispersed the mob pillaging a Jewish home by standing at the top of a flight of stairs and bowling the mob leaders back down the stairs into the arms of their comrades.

Belgrave's wife, to the horror of Bahrain's purdah-loving elders but with a behind-the-scenes assist from Sheik Hamed's No. 1 wife, won permission to open



1929 115 mph, Doug Denck, Ensign "Mystery Ship"



1930 207 mph, Chas. W. Holman, Lord Saboteur



1931 230 mph, Lowell Barker, Gee Bee "Supersaboteur"



1932 233 mph, James M. Donahue, Gee Bee "Supersaboteur"



1933 222 mph, James E. Wadell, Wadell "Second"



1934 248 mph, Roscoe Turner, Wadell "Special"



1935 270 mph, Harold Newcomb, Howard Foster



1936 264 mph, Michael DeBorja (France), Cruiser-Retard



1937 277 mph, Rudy A. Klig, Folsom "Special"



1938-39 281 mph, Folsom Turner, Folsom "Special"



PISTON ENGINE RACE — 374 mph, Alton J. Rex, J. Johnson, Bell P-39 Armstrong



JET ENGINE RACE — 516 mph, Major Gus E. Lindberg, Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star



PISTON ENGINE RACE — 394 mph, Cook Cleland, Vaughn-Sikorsky "Corsair"



JET ENGINE RACE — 501 mph, Louis Col. Sabre, I. Puro, Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star



PISTON ENGINE RACE — 284 mph, Arnon B. Johnson, North American P-51 "Mustang"



PISTON ENGINE RACE — 397 mph, Cook Cleland, Vaughn-Sikorsky "Corsair"



JET ENGINE RACE — 555 mph, Col. Horace A. Hanes, North American F-86A3 Sabre



JET ENGINE RACE — 636 mph, Col. Fred J. Ascent, North American F-86E Sabre



JET ENGINE RACE — 670 mph, Brig. Gen. J. Stanley Johnson, USAF, North American F-86D Sabre



JET ENGINE RACE — 692 mph, Capt. Eugene P. Sonenberg, USAF, North American F-86 Sabre

822 MILES PER HOUR in 1955

What new speed will win the Thompson Products Trophy this year?

FAMOUS PILOTS, famous airplanes, ever higher speeds... that's the continuing history of the famed Thompson Products Trophy Race, annually an important part of the National Air Show.

When this year's official time is announced at the Labor Day show in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, it is expected that, once again, the speed will be an increase over previous years. Last year Air Force Col. Horace A. Hanes flew an F-100C Super Sabre over an 11-mile course in the first officially timed supersonic speed run. At his average speed of 822 mph, he covered the 11 miles in slightly over 48 seconds!

This Year's Speed? Nobody knows. The history of the blue-ribbon Thompson Trophy event is dotted with the names of aviation greats—Jimmy

Doolittle, Roscoe Turner, Cook Cleland—and with famous airplanes—"Mystery Ship", Gee Bee "Supersportsster", Shooting Star, Airacobra, Corsair, Mustang, Sabre, Super Sabre.

And the speeds of these winning planes have steadily climbed... from 195 mph in the first Thompson Trophy Race in 1929 to 516 mph in the first jet race in 1946 to last year's 822 mph.

The event has changed, too, since the days when airplanes raced around pylons in a closed-course race. Today, with supersonic speeds commonplace, spectator safety demands that high speed runs be made in straightaway flight.

This Thompson Trophy Race annually highlights the continuing Thompson Products cooperation with the aviation industry. For 39 years, Thompson has worked side by side

with aviation, developing and manufacturing complex parts for both engine and airframe. And aviation is but one of the many industries that have learned to count on Thompson. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

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1955 JET ENGINE RACE — 822 mph, Col. Horace A. Hanes, USAF, North American F-100C "Super Sabre"



Col. Horace A. Hanes USAF

a school for girls. In a series of bitter struggles with the usurers and show owners, who had long run the Bahrain waterfront, Belgrave reorganized the pearl-diving industry and gradually won Bahrain a lucrative reputation as the only honest transshipment port in the Middle East.

The turning point came in 1932, when Standard Oil of California hit oil on Bahrain. Belgrave persuaded the Sheik to take a step unprecedented for an Arab ruler: to split Bahrain's oil income (\$8,500,000 in 1955) three ways—one-third to the Sheik, one-third to "the people" and one-third to a national reserve fund. The consequence is that while the oil wealth of neighboring Arab countries has often been

Belgrave to be not an Englishman but a Bahraini. He is my hand."

But by his very successes Sir Charles had conjured up a genie he could not control. Soon after World War II, Bahrain's emerging middle class, merchants who owed much of their prosperity to Belgrave, began to agitate for "democratic reforms." The Sheik, on Belgrave's advice, refused to make any major concessions.

The merchants dared not attack the Sheik. But, supported by young intellectuals who owed their education to Belgrave, they launched an all-out campaign against Sir Charles and his lady. (In the best paternalistic tradition, Lady Belgrave

Among the Arabs to whom he had devoted his life, some conceded that "Belgrave was a good man and did much for Bahrain," and then hastened to add "The world has changed, and today everyone wants independence." One Egyptian put it more drastically: "Belgrave was one of those so-called Arab experts. Just as Glubb went, so he's gone, and so will go all of them. Nobody's impressed any more with Englishmen who can recite the Koran. The hell with them."

INDONESIA

A Question of Prestige

One Javanese dawn last week, just as Indonesia's Foreign Minister Roeslan Abdulgani was packing his bags to leave for the London conference, a jeep crunched to a stop on the gravel in front of his house. When Abdulgani answered the door, a crisp young army officer announced: "I have a warrant to detain you." The charge: Abdulgani was involved in a \$130,000 rake-off from the firms that printed the 43 million ballots for last year's Indonesian elections.

Abdulgani knew who was behind the charge: Indonesia's fanatically anti-Communist, anticorruption Army Deputy Chief of Staff Colonel Zulkifli Lubis, who has built up a hot-eyed corps of supporters among younger army officers. Abdulgani gasped, then recovered his composure and replied calmly: "I realize you are acting under orders, but so am I. My orders are from the Prime Minister. They instruct me to head our government's delegation to London."

Both & Bondage. He requested permission to telephone Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo, a man with considerable experience in such matters. (In 1955 army officers led by Colonel Lubis brought down Sastroamidjojo's government by refusing to accept an appointment made by Dr. Ali's Moscow-trained Defense Minister.)

Having explained his predicament to the Premier, Abdulgani persuaded his captor to let him take a bath and rebandage his right hand, from which doctors had recently removed the shrapnel left there by a Dutch mortar in 1948. While the Foreign Minister stalled, goateed Ali Sastroamidjojo hastily rounded up Army Chief of Staff Abdul Haris Nasution and headed for the scene of action. Striding into Abdulgani's house just two hours before the Foreign Minister's plane was due to take off, the Premier cocked a wary eye at the young officer's pistol belt, then boldly insisted: "In the interests of the state, I request you to release the Foreign Minister." When Nasution made the request an order, Abdulgani was finally turned loose to finish his packing.

Loyalty Test. Four days later, in a rousing Independence Day speech, Indonesia's President Sukarno alluded delicately in passing to the Abdulgani incident. "Any step deliberately taken to sully the position and prestige of our state," said Sukarno, "is unnational and anti-revolutionary. It is the bounden duty of the government to forestall any such un-



THE SHEIK OF BAHREIN & ADVISER BELGRADE
But today everyone wants independence.

Walter Sanders—LIFE

squandered on Cadillacs, harems and princely pub-crawls, Bahrain's oil has helped to propel a whole people into the 20th century.

Today six hospitals provide free medical service to all of the sheikdom's 140,000 citizens, and malaria, once the scourge of Bahrain, is gone. Water from artesian wells flows into many Bahrain homes, and a dial telephone system links the archipelago's principal towns. And, at Belgrave's insistence, the accumulated reserve funds have been carefully invested abroad so that even when Bahrain's oil finally dries up—her proven reserves are only 200 million barrels v. Saudi Arabia's 35 billion barrels—Bahrainers should still enjoy a fair degree of prosperity.

The Shining Example. By the early 1950s, Belgrave's success in Bahrain had made him one of the most influential and respected men in the Middle East and Bahrain a shining example of what Western techniques and money could do for backward nations. In gratitude for Belgrave's achievements, Queen Elizabeth knighted him in 1952. Sheik Hamed's son and successor, Sulman bin Hamed al Khalifah, told a visitor: "We consider Mr.

ran the school system herself, paid teachers personally instead of through a central agency.) Last March, when Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd made a visit to Bahrain, he was stoned by crowds shouting "Down with Britain." A few days later, five days of strikes and rioting broke out over Belgrave, and eleven were killed.

"Our Own Correspondent." Outraged by these disorders, Sheik Sulman not only refused to fire Belgrave but exited the reformist leader, Abdul Rahman Bakir—who promptly took refuge in Nasser's Cairo. The British Foreign Office, however, disturbed by Egypt's growing influence in Bahrain and anxious to avoid another blow to British prestige like Jordan's unseemly ouster of Lieut. General John Bagot Glubb (TIME, March 12), pressured Belgrave to get out while the getting was good. Last week, in a brief dispatch from "our own correspondent in Bahrain," the London Times reported that "the Sheik of Bahrain has with reluctance accepted the resignation of Sir Charles Belgrave, his adviser for over 30 years." (The seven-line dispatch did not identify the Times's "own correspondent"—Sir Charles Belgrave himself.)

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national activities." Whether or not there was any substance to the colonel's accusation against the Foreign Minister, there was widespread agreement in Indonesia that Sukarno and Sastramidjojo were now well awake to Communist infiltration and no longer indifferent to governmental corruption, and that Colonel Lubis' high-handed methods were no longer justifiable. He is suspected of desiring a Latin American-type army junta.

At week's end Colonel Lubis, reluctantly facing transfer out of the capital to a field command in Sumatra, was proclaiming in distinctly unnational tones that "unless the government improves itself, there will be posed the very serious question of where my loyalty lies."

POLAND

The Joys of Private Enterprise

On Sept. 24, 1955, Stanislaw Lopuszynski walked into the office of a Warsaw doctor and complained of a pain in his head. He had good reason to complain: there was a bullet in his skull. After the slug was removed, police came to Lopuszynski's bedside and patiently reconstructed his movements of the few previous days. Lopuszynski remembered driving near Cracow with a friend named Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz after a night of heavy drinking. A loud explosion had suddenly awakened him from a snooze. "It's nothing," his companion had said. "I just wanted to scare you with a firecracker."

Police decided to call on the man whose firecracker was made of lead.

Just Eight. Last week, as a result of Lopuszynski's strange tale, Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz stood before a Cracow courtroom in one of the most bizarre murder cases in Poland's history. The Polish Communist press, usually confined to turgid polemics, devoted column after column to full and sensational reports by 80 reporters covering the trial ("It is refreshing to read again about ordinary human frailties," said one Pole). Some spectators paid as much as 2,000 zlotys (three months' pay for a workman) for a black-market ticket to get into the packed courtroom. Mazurkiewicz, the center of all the attention, is a 38-year-old ex-army officer who had a reputation in Cracow as an elegant, free-spending man about town with good connections. His present fame, however, was centered on the charge that he had done in six people and had had a go at two others in an astounding murder marathon that rivaled Alec Guinness' movie *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. Since the trial began, authorities had received denunciations accusing Mazurkiewicz of some 50 other unsolved murders. "People are crediting me with too much," he said modestly. "I planned only eight murders. I want the record straight."

Mazurkiewicz murdered for money to finance his high living, usually by drawing his victims into shady black-market deals, the real source of much of his own income. In 1943, Mazurkiewicz failed in his first attempt, when poison did not work on a Polish underground officer. He

profited by this first distressing experience, put so much cyanide in the vodka of a black-market dealer that the fellow gave up his ghost and \$1,200 with heartening dispatch. Victim No. 2, carrying 160,000 zlotys, was shot and his body dumped in a river.

Victim No. 3 proved to be almost more trouble than he was worth: Mazurkiewicz was seen disposing of the body. But influential friends in the prosecutor's office intervened, and witnesses gladly changed their testimony under duress. Mazurkiewicz grandly threw a huge party for the prosecutor, police and witnesses in his



MURDERER MAZURKIEWICZ
No. 8 complained of a pain.

handsome apartment—partly with the 225,000 zlotys lifted from Victim No. 3.

Two in a Garage. Victim No. 4 was a gentleman named Jerzy de Laveaux who lived in the apartment above Mazurkiewicz and possessed, among other things, a 42-lb. solid gold bar, a ten-carat diamond worth \$5,000 and perhaps \$10,000 in American greenbacks (the standard black-market medium). Mazurkiewicz invited him into the woods to swap currencies, then murdered him and dumped his body in the river.

With his eye on the balance of De Laveaux's wealth, Mazurkiewicz began to woo his widow. Rebuffed at first, Mazurkiewicz persisted. At last he persuaded her to give him several thousand dollars for safekeeping by warning her that he had a tip that the secret police were about to raid her home. When she asked for the money's return, Mazurkiewicz shot her—and her sister for good measure—and buried them both beneath the concrete floor of his garage.

Only when the bungled attempt to kill Lopuszynski cut short Mazurkiewicz's promising career did police get curious enough to discover the two bodies. That raised the question of why there had been no earlier investigations into the disappear-

ance of Mazurkiewicz' victims. With considerable embarrassment, the Communists admitted that so many people had been snatched away by the secret police that it never occurred to anyone to suspect foul play by private enterprise.

SPAIN

Shocking Changes

"Why is it," asked Madrid's influential royalist newspaper *A.B.C.*, "that all over the world people get up early, work straight through the day, knock off work late in the afternoon and are in bed by midnight—except in Spain?"

The answer, as any good Spaniard knows, is that the rest of the world is mad. The leisurely Spanish have evolved a daily schedule that amounts to a happy truce with the business of earning a living. Spanish morning begins at 10 a.m., noon comes at 2 p.m. and early afternoon at 4:30 p.m. No Spaniard who is anyone goes to work before noon. Lunch is a two- or three-hour affair beginning at 2 p.m., and dinner stretches from 11 p.m. into the small hours of the morning. Among upper-class Spaniards and those who aspire to that state, too much interest in work is considered bad form; if business must be done, let it be concluded in a café.

A.B.C., flushed with victory from a recent campaign against hornblowing, unsettled a lot of café conversations by proclaiming: "This business of not working, of having lunch at teatime and dinner when one should be in bed, constitutes a sorry picture and is neither healthy nor ethical." Day after day, *A.B.C.* took up logical, historical, medical, ethical and demographic arguments for a change.

Stirred from their lethargy, thousands of Spaniards wrote letters to the editor. Madrid's vociferous *Castizos* (true Castilians) almost to a man opposed reform, arguing that to impose "foreign innovations" was to overlook "the realities of Spain" and to threaten one of the most cherished of Spanish institutions, the *sobremesa*—"chatting without attaching any importance to the passing of time" at the table after lunch.

Last week the Spanish Ministry of Labor gave the café habitué something real to chew on. It approved a new 42-hour week for insurance employees—but provided that they work from 8 a.m. until 3 p.m. without a luncheon break. Once the shock passed, the workers welcomed the change: abolishing the two-hour lunch would mean for thousands of them only two subway or bus trips a day instead of four. And hard-up Spanish workers, most of whom must hold two jobs in order to make ends meet, now had their "afternoons" free for side jobs. At week's end Spain's major banks announced that they would probably change over to 8 to 3 too. Not satisfied with these changes, *A.B.C.* called for time clocks in offices. When the full meaning of a time clock was at last explained to one Castilian, he recoiled in horror. "The Spanish way of life," he said, "is finished."



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GIANT ASSAULT HELICOPTERS are designed to fly Marines for surprise attacks inland, eliminate need for beachhead landings. Sikorsky HO4S helicopter carries a military payload of three tons or 26 combat-equipped Marines, and has two 2100-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Double Wasp engines.

How Can America Continue to Have Marine Corps Aircraft Second to None

The hope of the free world lies in preventing another major war. One of the strongest deterrents to enemy aggression—and a tremendous force for peace—is preparedness in the air. But such preparedness requires years of work and planning, because modern aircraft are exceedingly complex.

Today the Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Army are equipped with aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. It can only be maintained by long-range, continuing programs of aviation research, development and production. In this way alone can the

United States continue to have aircraft second to none.

Some idea of the extent of this effort required is afforded by Marine Corps aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. Their assignments are so varied, and in combat must be carried out under such difficult conditions, that these aircraft have posed problems of design, engineering and production requiring years to solve. Even more will be demanded of tomorrow's aircraft. For if America is to remain free, United States air power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

Marine Corps pilots today fly some of the world's best aircraft, including new jet fighters and big helicopters. A variety of aircraft is needed for the important aviation missions of the Marines. This includes helicopters for assault, transports for mobility, jet fighters to control the air, and attack aircraft to support Marines in ground combat day or night—in any weather.

A modern Marine Corps tactic is "Vertical Assault." In this, a powerful striking force—even a division—is lifted by helicopters right over a defended beach or battle line. For this purpose, today's transport helicopters such as the Sikorsky HRS, or the new Sikorsky HUS which can carry thirteen fully armed men, are needed in large numbers. These aircraft show the enormous strides made in helicopters since 1947 when the first helicopter joined the Marine Corps. They also show how research and development of the past years is paying off today. But good as they are today, the Marine aircraft of tomorrow must be better still.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Marine Corps jet fighters, helicopters and transports are today on engineers' drawing boards, in wind tunnels and at flight test stations. Some of these aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some will have such advanced capabilities that no Marine Corps target can be denied them. Others will fly or hover with huge loads wherever needed.

An example of the advanced aircraft soon to play a major part in Marine Corps operations is the Sikorsky HR2S helicopter—as big as a twin-engine airliner. With two big Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engines, this giant helicopter can airlift twenty-six combat equipped Marines. But as with all highly complex modern aircraft, the time required from first design to full production status has been long—in this case about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can the Marine Corps continue to have the aircraft it needs . . . aircraft second to none in their ability to perform their assigned missions.



VITAL MOBILITY for Marine Corps striking power is furnished by transport aircraft. Fairchild's R4Q Packet, for example, can operate from short runways and carry 15 tons or 62 fully-equipped men in its huge, low-slung fuselage.



YOUNG MEN—The Marine Corps offers opportunity to qualify for exciting assignments in Marine aviation. For information write to Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps (Code DIC), Washington 25, D. C.

ENGINEERS—We need experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not employed in national defense work, write to our Personnel Department, stating your complete qualifications.



NEWEST TACTICS employ helicopters to lift Marines from carriers or assembly point to bypass enemy fortifications. Widely used HRS Sikorsky helicopters are combat-proved. Use of bigger 13-passenger HUS Sikorsky helicopters is planned.



CARRIER-BASED JET FIGHTERS provide cover, reconnaissance, and all weather close air support for Marines. Grumman F9F Cougar, above, has powerful Pratt & Whitney Aircraft jet engine.



NORTH AMERICAN FJ-4 Fury is advanced carrier version of Sabre. Engine is Wright J-65. Hamilton Standard air conditioning protects Marine pilots from high cockpit temperatures.



NIGHT FIGHTER, radar-equipped Douglas F3D, can launch Sparrow air-to-air-missiles which are guided to targets at supersonic speeds. Engine is Westinghouse J-34s.



FAST JETS demand sensitive equipment to meter fuel, control heat and do other vital jobs. To build it, elaborate facilities like this Hamilton Standard laboratory are essential.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At a banquet during the Suez conference in London (*see* FOREIGN NEWS), square-cut Soviet Foreign Minister **Dmitry Shepilov** turned up in a brand-new dinner jacket, set fellow diplomats and male fashion authorities to buzzing. A spokesman for Britain's dictatorial but often waggish *Tailor and Cutter* magazine ripped into Shepilov's ensemble with a piece-by-piece analysis. Of the pre-tied, hook-on bow tie: "If you don't have a valet to tie your tie, which regrettably many people don't, then you should tie it up yourself." Of the hang of the long trousers: "The wrong sort of braces . . . assuming he would wear nothing so inexcusable as a belt." *Tailor* reserved its unkindest cut of all, however, for the brown suit that the burly Shepilov wore on his arrival in London: "All right, perhaps, for grouse shooting, but as Lord Curzon once said, 'No gentleman wears brown.'"

In Brooklyn, Stockbroker Freeman Koo, 33, Harvard-educated son of Nationalist China's longtime (1946-56) Ambassador to the U.S., V. K. Wellington Koo, took the oath of U.S. citizenship.

After the buzzes and groans of the Democratic Convention in Chicago (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS) died away, there was almost unanimous agreement that the Democrats' choicest doll is **Lucille Clement**, wife of Tennessee's give-'em-hellfire Governor **Frank G. Clement**, the convention's bombastic keynoter. Mother of three boys, Lucille, 36, whose figure is one



TURKEY'S INÖNÜ
Suspended by a thread.

of modern politics' most attractive gerymanders, took time out to model some cute creations for a Hearst lensman.

In Turkey, where the voice of civil liberties is thready and thin these days (*TIME*, July 9), trim (at 71) Opposition Leader **Ismet İnönü**, head of the Republican People's Party, had trouble taking a foot-first dive at the resort island of Heybeli near Istanbul. His plunging technique was fine, but cops, who keep close track of İnönü, soon moved in to break up the crowd of onlookers. The ludicrous pretext for their action: Turkey's longtime (1938-50) President İnönü and his fellow frolickers looked suspiciously like a political demonstration, barred (except for 45 days prior to general elections) under one of Turkey's oppressive new laws.

A beautiful 20-year friendship, in which waspish Gossipist **Walter Winchell** played Damon to the Pythias of Manhattan Saloonkeeper **Sherman Billingsley**, had gone pffft, according to Winchell. The rift began, bleated keyhole journalism's grand old man, when ex-Bootlegger-Speakeasier Billingsley, whose flossy Stork Club got much of its floss from Winchell's ceaseless plugs, spat out Winchell over a pack of cigarettes. The upshot was earth-shaking, as Walter wailed last week: "At one time he thought I was a wonderful guy. I haven't been in the Stork in seven or eight weeks. I may go back, but, of course, I might be told to get out. I feel like an outcast." The *New York Post*, one of Winchell's many mortal enemies, gleefully reported that vindictive Host Billingsley had hauled off the wall a hero-

ic portrait of Pariah Winchell. A couple of days later, however, vacationing Winchell hinted to his devoted readers: "WW's photo is back on the Stork Club foyer wall. (Tha-anks a large Lump!)." At week's end Billingsley seemed mystified by the large Lump: "It's clear that Winchell is angry about something. But he's as welcome here as any other customer." Had Billingsley really banished his old pal from the heroes' gallery? "I took that picture down long enough to make a dozen prints of it—just in case somebody, I won't say who, tried to steal it!"

India's Prime Minister **Nehru** (*TIME*, July 30), 66, touring earthquake-racked towns in northwestern India, was catapulted from his jeep when it overturned, picked himself up and found that he had merely bruised a knee.

Famed British Novelist **Joyce** (*The Horse's Mouth*) **Cary**, 67, failed to understand why the newspapers were so maudlin about his impending doom. Now in a wheelchair as a victim of an incurable paralytic disease, Author Cary was astonishingly sanguine over his fate: "I'm not being sentimental about it. I'm still alive and I can still work, and I might be dead anyway . . . I don't think I'm going to die tomorrow. Perhaps in five or seven years, the doctors say."

Emerging from the Atlantic surf on the New Jersey coast, power-packed **Gertrude Ederle**, 49, looked as if she could still swim the English Channel, a 35-mile trick that she was the first woman to perform. This week Gertrude was slated to get cheers and a commemorative plaque in the 30th anniversary month of her great triumph over winds, tides and waves.



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
TENNESSEE'S CLEMENT
By unanimous consent.



N.Y. Daily News
SWIMMER EDERLE
Still a challenge to the Channel.

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.



"IT TAKES MORE THAN BRAINS TO GO TO COLLEGE!" says Bob Perkins. It takes money. And when his two young sons reach college age, the money will be there. As part of the American Family Independence plan their Travelers agent helped them work out, Bob and Joan have provided for an education fund. And they have replaced many of their anxieties with a new-found confidence—not only about their future security, but about such present values as their health, their home, their car.

Bob Perkins, like most fathers, knows college is a real expense these days.*

And he's been bothered by the question: *will my boys get there if I should die?*

There are, after all, many things to spend his \$6,250 a year on. The Perkins' new \$14,500 home, for example (25 years to pay). And their 1953 sedan.

When Bob and Joan called in their Travelers agent recently, they raised the question of education for the boys.

The result: the Perkins' Travelers insurance program provides a fund for Jacey's and Mike's college expenses. Through this balanced program—and without unbalancing their budget—Bob and Joan have been

freed from many worries. Together with their Travelers man, they have planned adequate life insurance to protect the family. This same plan can serve as a financial base for Bob's retirement.

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How the Perkins family uses its money
(monthly average, after taxes)

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Food | \$130.00 |
| Clothing | 27.00 |
| Housing | 80.00 |
| Insurance | 56.00 |
| Savings | 62.00 |
| Automobile & Travel | 29.00 |
| Household & Contributions | 50.00 |
| Medical | 15.00 |
| Recreation | 17.00 |
| Total | \$466.00 |

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SCIENCE

The Silvery Moon

The earth satellite that the U.S. will launch sometime during the International Geophysical Year (July 1957 through December 1958) will be as round and silvery as any moon over Tin Pan Alley. The man-made moon will be a shiny magnesium sphere 20 inches in diameter, weighing 21½ lbs., according to details revealed this week in Detroit by the contractor, Brooks & Perkins, Inc.

Electronic equipment to flash to earth data on such matters as cosmic rays and gravitational pull will account for 80% of the weight. The skin of the hollow ball will be one-fiftieth of an inch thick. Jutting from the sphere's surface will be four collapsible antennas and a coupling device that will release the moon from the last of the three rockets needed to blast it into space (TIME, Oct. 17 *et seq.*).

After outfitting the moon, engineers will polish it to reduce friction in flight until it resembles the silvery "gazing globes" that decorate many American lawns. "The moon," says B. & P. President E. Howard Perkins, "will be utterly smooth and mirror-bright."

Meanwhile, Navy scientists charged with the operational phase of Project Vanguard were indicating that other blueprints are gradually evolving into hardware. Planning is "about completed" on the first two stages of the rocket that will lift the moon to about 130 miles altitude, says the Navy, and is finished on the final, payoff stage that will push the moon into its orbit. Engines for all three stages have roared through ground tests. Engineers are confident that they will lick one bugaboo: heat damage to the nose of the rocket caused by aerodynamic friction.

At first, scientists thought that the moon would travel in an orbit ranging from 200 to 800 miles in altitude, whipping around the earth every 90 minutes at 1,800 m.p.h. but recent tests indicate that the moon may rise to 1,500 miles in height at the far end of its elliptical orbit, travel at 1,000 m.p.h. As the moon slows in speed, it will dip closer and closer to the earth's atmosphere until, inevitably, it will disappear in a flash of friction.

Some skeptical scientists have wondered if Vanguard would ever get off the ground. Navy specialists are sure the man-made moon will rise as planned. Says Physicist John P. Hagen, the Navy's director of Project Vanguard: "It is fair to say that at the moment we see no problem we cannot solve as scheduled."

Do-It-Yourself Rocket

Since he first began reading about the subject, Jimmy Blackmon of Charlotte, N.C. has been embarrassing his elders with precocious questions on science. By the time he hit junior high school he was wondering about rockets. "He read everything he could get his hands on about them," says his father. "Everything."

This summer, at the age of 17, Jimmy put the U.S. military in a mild flap. For years government officials have mourned that the nation's youth have no incentive to enter the world of science. Jimmy had plenty of incentive. Enough, in fact, to sit down and build a six-foot rocket. Jimmy wanted to enter further into the world of science by flying his rocket from a farm outside Charlotte (pop. 145,000). He was confident that it would work fine. Why shouldn't it? He had made it himself on a rickety table in his basement.

When his plan came to light, the Civil Aeronautics Administration blinked, then



ROCKETEER BLACKMON
Regretfully grounded.

decided that Jimmy's unguided missile would violate air regulations. The U.S. Army was more sympathetic, even offered to examine his do-it-yourself rocket at the massive Redstone Arsenal, center of its guided missile program.

The rocket was plainly no toy. Jimmy, a quiet, confident boy, is in the top eight of his class at Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., holds one of the school's major scholarships. When Army experts tore down Jimmy's rocket—planned to be fired by combining liquid nitrogen, gasoline and liquid oxygen—they were amazed at his skill. "It's surprisingly close to several motors already developed," said John Wumble, deputy chief of Redstone's Rocket Development Laboratory. "We found the fundamental approach clever and admirable."

But the Army also found that Jimmy's basement workshop could not produce the requisite materials to control the flow and mixing of fuel. Last week, regretfully, the Army grounded Jimmy's rocket. But Redstone's commander, Brigadier General Holger N. Toftoy, tried to hold open the door of science for Jimmy. Said the general: "We're going to ask Jimmy to come back and go to work for us when he finishes college."

Jimmy is impatient. "My rocket wasn't any more crude than that of Von Braun [Dr. Werner von Braun, one of the creators of the German V-2 and now chief of Redstone's Guided Missile Development Division] when he started experimenting," he said. "I want to talk to him if I can, and see what I need to do to improve my rocket. They didn't say it wouldn't fly, just that it was dangerous."



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Now, however, with the new Stran-Satin steel wall and roof, steel buildings step out with an eye-appealing new luxury look! For in Stran-Satin, an exclusive development of National Steel, the softly metallic, satin-like luster of its surface combines with the economy, durability and corrosion resistance of the finest zinc-coated steel sheet.

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Stran-Steel Rigid Frame buildings in five clear-span widths of 40, 50, 60, 70 and 80 feet provide maximum flexibility for the size and shape building best suited to your needs. Their 20-foot bays permit individual site-styling, too, so that each building can be ideally harmonized to best conform with its site dimensions and setting.



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Strength? Under the smart appearance of the Stran-Satin wall is a strong steel structure! The continuously welded and tapered I-shaped sections of the Rigid Frame are securely bolted

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Biggest Studio

TV went to Chicago armed with better makeup artists, nattier dress and more fancy electronic gadgets than ever before. The show hardly lived up to its lavish pressagentry, but TV provided the nation with the most comprehensive coverage ever accorded a national political convention. The TV was occasionally halting, windy and inaccurate, but it had its moments of high drama. More important, it was always there. Creepie-peepies and walkie-talkies manned by hard-running TV reporters—notably ABC's Ed Morgan, CBS's Dick Hottelet, NBC's Merrill Mueller—peered, poked and pried into the remotest nooks of hotel rooms, train stations, nightclubs, and the convention hall itself.

The three major networks called out their stables of old, reliable stars, and laid on a couple of new ones. CBS's veteran Walter Cronkite, working his familiar anchor spot, gave the most informed, alert and consistently lucid commentary, held up best under the week's strain. His biggest coup: getting Ave Harriman inside the fishbowl to exchange blessings with Estes Kefauver on a split-screen hookup (denounced as "electronic fakery" by rival ABC). CBS's seasoned twosome of Ed Murrow and Eric Severeid was seen only fleetingly, bantering the big picture with the casualness of network executives at a ball game.

Runners-up in the honors department: NBC's able Chet Huntley and young (36), deadpan David Brinkley, who this year teamed up for the first time to add zest and drollery—a rare convention commodity—to the otherwise dull goings-on. Occasionally this new NBC team even had the edge on the traditionally good CBS reporting staff.

ABC's anchorman, John (What's My Line?) Daly, made a virtue out of his chain's relative poverty (less gadgetry, smaller staff) by sticking with the action on the platform while the other webs cast about for sideshow pickups. Daly was the only anchorman who could actually see the convention from his box (the others watched it over monitor screens). ABC highlight: bulldogging Martin Agronsky corraling top delegates for debate, and consistently managing to make sense out of them.

Trivia & Fluffs. As always, the ubiquitous TV reporters caught some memorable glimpses: the unchivalrous disinterest of newspaper-reading delegates on ladies' day; NBC's pickup of the small but illuminating drama of Adlai Stevenson's reception for Mrs. Roosevelt; Bess Truman, behind dark glasses, nudging Harry in the ribs for speaking out of turn; bottle-bald Sam Rayburn (who did not submit to a dulling topsoil application of orange powder this time, as he did the last); threatening to shoot an admonishing finger right through the little glass screens in U.S. living rooms; the grin spreading

across H. V. Kaltenborn's face as he watched Harry Truman (on film) impersonate Kaltenborn's clipped commentary in the 1948 elections (later, at Perle Mesta's winking, Kaltenborn did an impersonation of Truman impersonating Kaltenborn).

The relentless camera magnified the trivia and underlined the fluffs, caught the convention's heights and hollows—and its occasional signs of petulance and flippancy—Truman dressing down a reporter who was badgering him for an interview; Tennessee's Governor Clement hamming it up for photographers; Paul Butler boiling mad over CBS's failure to run a documentary film (see PRESS).

TV's impact on the convention was emphasized from the start, when Paul Butler surprised everybody by banging the gavel on time. And in a sense, TV

cafeteria." TV Reporter Vince Garrity caused an outraged flurry by flaunting ABC lapel pins in range of rival cameras. NBC went so far as to hire a professional lip reader to try to catch out-of-reach conversation, and ABC issued instructions to its staff: "Be sure when you are on camera, that you sit up straight, have your legs crossed modestly, and your jacket buttoned."

The biggest problem was getting cameras into the right place at the right time. Sometimes the sheer magnitude of the new gadgets delayed the news. One NBC man got stuck on top of a 70-foot "hi-reach" camera and was forgotten. Twelve ABC men were wedged between electronic gear in a tiny booth until someone called a locksmith. Larry (Meet the Press) Spivak had to be rushed to a doctor to have a small speaker plug removed from his ear. Texas Senator Lyndon Johnson got hopping mad at CBS for "wrecking" his hotel suite, and no one could stand to



NEW YORK'S HARRIMAN & CBS'S CRONKITE
Sometimes clumsy, sometimes dramatic, but always there.

itself could be blamed for much of the tedium. Almost every speaker, painfully conscious of the camera's eye, addressed himself to "you who are watching TV." The galluses, the sweat, the ungarded gestures, the open shirts and bold-patterned ties were gone for good.

But there were enough human blunders to make up for the lack of old-fashioned fun. John Daly reported: "Mr. Rostrum stands in recess." Will Rogers Jr. (CBS) wound up a Stevenson interview with "Thank you very much, Governor Harriman" (Retorted Adlai: "Goodbye, Dave Garroway"). Crooner Johnny Desmond muffed the lyrics of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and NBC's Monitor introduced Mrs. Roosevelt as "Eleanor Stevenson."

Legs Crossed, Jackets Buttoned. Network rivalry hit a new peak. CBS posted a sign for its staffers: "Under no circumstances are you to patronize the NBC

look at NBC's five simultaneous pictures for very long.

But overall, the networks did a fascinating job of hustling televisioners inside their biggest studio. To make things easier, they superimposed arrows and circles on the screen to single out key figures. NBC commentators loomed into view in the shape of triangles, sometimes peeped through keyholes. But as ABC's deboarded (for TV) John Vandercook mused: "Sometimes I think we suffer from embarrassment of riches."

The Fresh Look

For five months 10 guests (of the U.S. State Department) from 13 foreign lands roamed freely and studied U.S. radio and television. Last week the somewhat wall-eyed visitors—many of whom had been watching TV for the first time—met in Boston University's School of Public Re-

These people have problems like yours

This executive wants to develop his speaking ability



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lations and Communications to compare notes. U.S. technical standards got loud praise, but other features of radio-TV fell under fire. Sample reactions:

¶ Norbert H. G. Mai, 35, a West Berlin political commentator, criticized network prodigality: "The most amazing thing about American TV is the variety. It seems like a waste of money though, because there simply isn't the audience for it all day long." Mai called for more live programming, fewer kinescopes and films. On public-service shows: "Always they seemed to be the responsibility of the men with lesser talent, and usually they had no visual appeal at all." Commercials? "Horrible." But Mai developed "an American attitude" toward them, i.e., "I would go out and get a bottle of beer when the commercial came on."

¶ For Jordan's Sari Aweidah, 26, a producer-announcer with the government-owned Hashemite Jordan Broadcasting Service, the junket provided his first professional contact with TV. Biggest beef: the "24-hour-a-day 'disk jockey.'" It is just appalling. Perhaps that is because in Jordan we like to think of radio as a field where you transmit education through entertainment."

¶ Julio Galindo, 26, a radio-TV scriptwriter and producer in Mexico City felt that TV has robbed radio. "With the exception of a few shows like *Conversación*, all the creative thinking and producing has gone into TV..."

¶ Sunday Sam Young-Harry, 27, newscaster son of a Nigerian tribal chief (and producer of a local version of *Twenty Questions* in Lagos) rapped the record spinners for "insulting the audience's intelligence. They are just a prostitution of radio. One in Omaha would frequently play a few bars from a Beethoven symphony, then break it off with 'We're not interested in Beethoven's greatest, but only in Coma's latest.'"

But Sunday Sam Young-Harry was nonetheless impressed: "We have seen this whole country in its absolute nakedness. We were free to see good and bad alike. We were not on any guided tours such as those that are given behind the Iron Curtain. In addition to the very great deal we have learned professionally, we have developed a tremendous respect for this country."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Aug. 23. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

The Saratoga Handicap (Sat. 5 p.m., CBS). The \$50,000 horse race.

Steve Allen Show (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Buddy Hackett, Jaye P. Morgan.

Kaiser Aluminum Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Ferenc Molnar's *A Fragile Affair*, with Eli Wallach, Gaby Rodgers.

RADIO

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). The Netherlands Bach Society.

Biographies in Sound (Tues. 8:35 p.m., NBC). Franklin P. Adams.



Elmer Schmus of Division D

a publisher's banker

Capital was needed—and soon—or a certain textbook publishing house would have to curtail its operations. And already three large banks had refused to participate in a loan.

That's when Elmer Schmus entered the picture with his staff from Division D of The First National Bank of Chicago.

Mr. Schmus has been with Division D—the Division that specializes in financing publishing, paper, graphic arts and advertising firms—for 29 of his 47 years at The First. He's worked closely with the men who built these fields. So he knew the signs to look for in this company's past performances and present organization. He knew what was on the horizon for the textbook industry.

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DETAIL FROM VANDERLYN'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF VERSAILLES

Versailles in Manhattan

One of the biggest, most elaborate and most thoroughly forgotten paintings in American history is heading for a comeback. A 165-ft. panorama of the palace and gardens at Versailles, painted in two CinemaScope-like sections, is being installed this week in a specially built circular room in Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum. Versailles is a masterwork of sobersided, redheaded John Vanderlyn (1775-1852), a painter deeply admired in his youth, deeply pitied in old age, and deeply buried in the textbooks after his death. The picture's new home at the Met should do much to rescue Painter Vanderlyn from his long oblivion.

Among his early distinctions, Vanderlyn was the first American painter to conquer

ART

naked flesh. Actually, he had small choice in the matter; his patron, Aaron Burr, decided it by sending him to Paris instead of London for training. The earnest student from Kingston, N.Y., struck the French capital in 1796, when Jacques-Louis David and his neoclassic followers were preparing the stage for Napoleon's posturings. Trapped in the doctrinaire icebox of neoclassicism, Vanderlyn conscientiously set about acquiring its basic asset: figure drawing. He also acquired its defects: stale colors and chill poses.

Medal from Napoleon. Vanderlyn befriended his compatriot painter, Washington Allston, when both were visiting Rome. Their brush with the remains of

the Renaissance encouraged both young hopefuls to try to paint great pictures instead of settling for good ones. Result: both sprinted too far too soon, and had to sit out their later years. Vanderlyn tasted glory first, when his grandiose *Marius Amid the Ruins of Carthage* caught Napoleon's eye. "Give the medal to that!" the Emperor ordered; overnight the American became a cynosure at the French court. When Aaron Burr came penniless to France after his trial for treason, Vanderlyn was able to repay Burr's former generosity in full, supporting his patron as he himself had been supported.

All that was needed to complete Vanderlyn's good fortune was a New York reputation to match the fame he enjoyed in Paris. He returned in 1815, confidently bearing with him the pictures Paris had

MAKE-BELIEVE FROM MEISSEN

THE taste for china figurines, once the playthings of Europe's princes, has largely descended to the level of the cheap knickknacks on a dime-store counter. Yet those minor masterpieces of the 18th century which survive today are attracting a growing band of devoted collectors willing to pay up to \$15,000 apiece for their finds. One of the most successful, as the newly published catalogue of his Meissen china (Harvard University Press; \$25) makes plain, is Manhattan's Irwin Untermyer.

Collector Untermyer, a longtime New York jurist, now retired at 70, inhabits a dark Fifth Avenue duplex crammed to its high ceilings with porcelains, splendid tapestries, bronzes and English furniture. He is a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum further up the Avenue, which should some day inherit the Untermyer collection. About the only thing in his apartment not destined for museum display is the TV set squatting patiently at the foot of his bed. Among his Meissen prizes are the three pieces shown opposite.

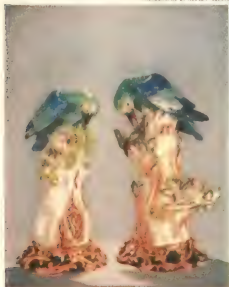
Meissen china got its start through alchemy, which produced no gold but bred generations of chemists. The kings of Europe regularly hired alchemists not only to try to produce the elusive gold, but also to discover what made Chinese porcelain superior to European kinds. In 1709 an

alchemist named Boettger found the secret (based on using kaolin, a white clay that he found in his wig powder). He made the secret known to Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. Augustus established a ceramics works at Meissen, destined to dominate European porcelain for the next 41 years.

All the ceramics opposite are by J. J. Kaendler, chief modeler at Meissen from 1733 to 1763, and the most brilliant in Meissen's history. Kaendler's pieces were intended chiefly for banquet settings of a sort that had previously been made in candy or wax. He could turn his patron's dining table into a miniature park or stage alive with glistening birds or gaily obscene mimes from the Italian *Commedia dell'arte*. Sometimes he would create a hunt, a concert, or a table-top display of drawing-room conceits. *The Hand Kiss* is part of a humorous circle of distractions derived from Molière, in which the gallant's daring is brought to nothing by the lady's jealous lap dog and busy blackamoors.

Graceful and accurate rendition, rich and brilliant color are the obvious attributes of such work. Children and connoisseurs see in them something more important, a magic, as of make-believe caught in mid-fancy and securely held.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLEN MERRITT



MEISSEN BIRDS

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admired. Among them was the slickest nude yet painted by an American, a solid, polished essay in sensuality, made respectable, he hoped, by its title: *Ariadne*. But *Ariadne* shocked his staid American contemporaries, who denounced the picture as an example of European depravity.

One Peppercorn for Rent. Vanderlyn cheerfully produced another string to his bow; he had brought back detailed perspective drawings of Versailles, which he now proposed to work up into an oil panorama. His admirers were so taken by this idea that they raised money to build Manhattan's first art museum building, specifically to house the painting. It was a neoclassic, circular structure, a few steps from City Hall, on ground rented from the city for one peppercorn a year. Vanderlyn's panorama occupied the whole upstairs, his smaller canvases, which he thought finer,



Metropolitan Museum of Art
VANDERLYN SELF-PORTRAIT
Out of the attic.

were downstairs. Entrance fees were supposed to pay for maintenance, but hardly anyone came.

Taken over by creditors, the building eventually became a criminal court. *Versailles* itself was exhibited in various cities, never successfully, and once served as a theater backdrop. Cut in pieces at last, it was stored rolled up in the attic of the old New York State Senate House at Kingston, from which the Metropolitan rescued it.

Spring & Fall. With the panorama's commercial failure, Vanderlyn had used up most of his luck. And since his was one of those tender talents that blossom only in the sun, his force declined with his fortune. Hearing of Allston's death in 1843, Vanderlyn wrote: "When I look back some five or six and thirty years since when we were both in Rome together and next-door neighbors on the Trinita del Monte, and in the spring of life, full of enthusiasm for our art and fancying fair prospects awaiting us in after years, it is painful to reflect how far these hopes have been from being realized."

Vanderlyn's last years grew ever more bitter and obscure—a slow, sore fading away into history's attic, from which he is only now again emerging.

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1956



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BUILT-IN SKID RESISTANCE. As the photo shows, concrete pavement is finished with a gritty texture. The tiny ridges are so small you can't feel them when driving, but they give your tires a firm, highly skid-resistant grip. This helps you slow down or stop faster than on other pavements—especially when they're wet. This life-saving, skid-resistant feature lasts for the long life of a concrete road.

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Yes, night or day, wet or dry, you are much safer when you are driving on concrete. For more information write for the free booklet "*Save Lives, Save Dollars with Concrete*." It is distributed only in the United States and Canada.

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EDUCATION

The Ambassadors

After her first weeks at Pennsylvania's Edwarsville High School, the visiting teacher from England was almost ready to pack up and go home. Her American pupils, she reported, "greet me with anything from 'The top of the morning to you' to 'Tallyho,' and occasionally when they are changing classes, a head pokes through the doorway and calls, 'Hi ya, ma'am, what's the scoop?' or something equally imbecilic."

But as the months passed, the Londoner began to realize that what she first took for sheer insolence was often apt to grow

In Japan U.S. teachers have become so popular that some schools have had to put a ceiling on the number of students they can have. In Thailand an American found that English was being taught strictly by rote, introduced songs and games that, as her Thai colleagues admitted, got amazing results.

In McLean, Va., a British teacher evolved a whole new science program for the Potomac School, which is now a regular part of the curriculum. The principal of Delaware's Bridgeville Consolidated School reported that his visiting Scot was "so delightful" that even his kilt was accepted "without gibes from the males

The Hopeless Ones

Though he had heard quite a bit about Finchden Manor—a school for maladjusted boys 25 miles southwest of Canterbury—the London Times correspondent was hardly prepared for the frail, abstracted man who runs it. "What is the curriculum?" asked the correspondent.

"There is none," replied George A. Lyward.

"But . . . can you tell me what the boys are doing at this particular moment?"

"I have a rough idea. I can tell you that three are in London. Two . . . are playing croquet. One has just been given £20 to start breeding budgerigars [parakeets]. Another is thinking of making a telescope, but won't get a penny till he shows that he means it. And one has run away."

"Run away?" asked the correspondent.

"I think he'll come back," said G. A. Lyward.

In 27 years of such casual administration, G. A. Lyward has rescued scores of disturbed boys for whom teachers, doctors and parents had given up hope. What is his secret? Correspondent Michael Burn decided to find out. He joined the Finchden Manor staff, eventually published a book (*Mr. Lyward's Answer*; Hamish Hamilton) that last week was the talk of British educational circles. Though Schoolmaster Lyward's secret is too complex to be entirely clear, he emerges from the book as one of the most unusual of living educators.

Respite for a While. Actually, Finchden Manor is not a school in the ordinary sense. It has no board of governors, no blazers or old-school ties, no school hall and no chapel. There are no fixed terms or holidays, and except for bedtime and meals, which the boys cook and serve themselves, there are no fixed hours. For Correspondent Burn, one clue to Finchden lies in the word "respite"—the belief, says G. A. Lyward, "that some young people needed complete respite from lessons as such, in schools as such, so that they could be shepherded back from the ways . . . by which they have escaped for a while their real challenge."

Finchden's 40 boys have an average age of 17, come from every sort of home and background. Some are rich, some poor, quite a few come from what would seem to be normal families. One boy was the victim of an alcoholic schoolmaster who would sometimes tie his hands behind his back, force him to eat until he vomited, and then refuse to allow him to change his soiled clothes. One boy had been to 17 schools by the time he was 16. Others were regularly beaten or mistreated by their parents or foster parents. A good many were the victims of another sort of tyranny: overindulgent parents who pampered them into mental paralysis.

Kings & Jeweled Chains. They come with a variety of symptoms. One lived in a dreamworld of knights and kings. Another, who had been a model child, suddenly went berserk, smashed every bit of glass in his home, disappeared for four days. A few had threatened suicide; one



EDUCATOR MCLAUGHLIN GREETING BRITISH EXCHANGE TEACHERS
"Hi ya, ma'am, what's the scoop?"

Ben Martin

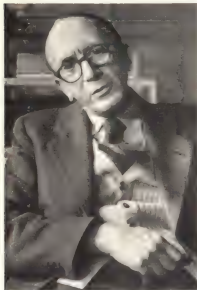
out of a "friendly informality of manner." By the time her year in Edwarsville (pop. 6,686) was up, she and her charges had won each other over completely.

Fabulous Country. In the ten years since the State Department and the Office of Education started their exchange-teachers' program, hundreds of foreigners like London's Catherine O'Connell have come to the U.S., while more than 2,000 Americans have taught abroad. Last week the *Queen Elizabeth* landed 100 more Britons, who were duly greeted in Manhattan by Cornelius McLaughlin, head of the teacher-exchange section at the Office of Education. By the time the summer is over, the total number of exchange teachers sent to the U.S. will have reached 1,543. Of the many U.S. good-will efforts, the program may be minor. But it has also been one of the best.

As might be expected, some foreigners are utterly bewildered by the informality of U.S. schools, and a few Americans grow restive in the strict foreign classroom. But in general, the exchange teachers make the most of their year.

and with downright enthusiasm by the females." In Gig Harbor, Wash., a high-school student won an award in the Betty Crocker "American Homemaker of Tomorrow" contest, took her British home-economics teacher along on the winning trip to Washington, D.C., Williamsburg and Philadelphia. "It was," said the Briton later, "one of those things that could only have happened in this fabulous country."

The Real America. All in all, the exchange-teachers have proved effective ambassadors. For many it is a year of personal triumph. Among these is Headmaster Henry Callard of Baltimore's Gilman School, who taught a year at King's School in Bruton, England. When he and his family left England, his pupils sent him a stool used at Queen Elizabeth's coronation in Westminster Abbey, solemnly recorded in their magazine: "Whenever in the future any of us feels irritation at the utterances of some American politicians, we shall remember the Callards, and our ruffled feelings will be soothed by the reflection that it is people like them who are the real America."



PETER ANDERSON

FINCHDEN'S LYWARD

The secret is how to be unfair. One boy had stolen his mother's jewelry. One arrived wearing five vests, another brought too ties, still another came wearing a jeweled chain about his neck. One packed a loaded revolver, another brought along a stack of books on psychology. A few had religious manias, and one had the habit of setting fire to churches.

For all this variety of trouble, most of the boys seemed to have one thing in common. Their lives, Lyward learned, had been "usurped." Usually they had been pressured into trying to be something they thought they could never be. As a result, they either rebelled or became abnormally submissive. By removing all these pressures, Finchden was also able to remove the neurotic defenses the boys had built up. Though nearly adults, and above average in intelligence, they usually went through a stage of returning to childhood. But that was part of their cure. "They're small," G. A. Lyward once explained, "or they've been made to feel small, and they've wanted to feel big. They're really little boys, and here that's what they become . . . Why not let them have back their childhood?"

New Family. Though Finchden has no regular curriculum, there is always plenty to do. But without rigid instructions from Lyward and his six-man staff, the boys must fall back on their own resources. The more they do, the more confident they become. The more confident they become, the more easily they learn about themselves. They learn to play games and musical instruments, build radios and tend the manor's swarm of animals. When they are ready, they take up normal school study. Some boys collected books; one collected glassware; another gave tea parties in a small shack and locked the door to keep his guests from leaving. No one sneered. The boys soon learned to accept one another's idiosyncrasies. As a boy's months passed at Finchden, he not only

became an accepted part of a tolerant community, he also found a family to replace the one he had lost.

G. A. Lyward wanders among his charges as a special friend—but he is a friend who can become stern and withhold favors. Occasionally his discipline can seem arbitrary: he might let one boy go to London three times in a month, and not let another go at all. This "unfairness" is a part of his effort to help each boy become aware of personal relationships. "The real secret of living with children," says he, "lies in knowing how to be creative in taking away and in being 'unfair' and haphazard, so that the gift shall never deny the children increasing awareness of the giver . . . A gift by itself means nothing."

Come to Terms. Lyward does not rely on psychoanalysis to get results. He relies more on the absence of fear, the necessary temporary suspension of excessive moral judgments, and a personal ability to draw out a boy until he is able to face himself. Of the 270 boys he has worked with, 20 turned out to be hopeless psychotics. A few left or were withdrawn by their parents before they were ready. But the majority have come to terms with the world, and a good many have achieved spectacular success. Among them:

¶ A onetime pathological liar, thief and vandal whose psychiatrist wrote: "I cannot warn you too strongly of the depths of his depravity." After leaving Finchden he finished his education, commanded a light cruiser during the war, won a decoration, now heads a large business.

¶ A chronic thief, who also set a church on fire, became a successful journalist who specializes in the problems of juvenile delinquents.

¶ A confirmed liar and sex offender later rose to the top of a government department. "If only he had not been so brusque with the Prime Minister," one of his superiors said, "he would be head of the department."

To G. A. Lyward, education is "nourishment." The kind of nourishment he provides would probably not suit normal boys, and perhaps only he could give it so successfully to the abnormal. He breaks many of the rules of psychology, and even the boys he cures do not know exactly how he did it. "What do you learn there?" a neighbor once asked a boy from Finchden. "We learn," said the boy, "to live."

Tycoons (j.g.)

After studying the finances of U.S. high-school pupils, *Scholastic Magazine* concluded that the nation's 13 million teen-agers have a combined income of \$7 billion a year. Whether they rely solely on part-time jobs (30%), allowances (45%), or both (22%), they average \$10.55 a week, of which \$6.52 is spent and \$4.03 saved. The State University of Iowa also had financial news. Of the university's 9,000 students (1955-56), 55% got part-time jobs through the student placement office. They worked as janitors, lab assistants, waiters and clerks, mowed lawns, washed windows, shoveled snow. Total earnings: \$1,373,500.



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SPORT

Mick & the Babe

Aside from some secondary, late-season statistics, the American League pennant race is over. The Yankees are in. Yet even Yankee haters are still watching the ball games, for these days the Yanks supply their own competition. Every inning that he comes to bat, their broad-backed slugger, Mickey Charles Mantle, tangles with one of baseball's fanciest records: the massive total of 60 home runs hit by the Yankees' Babe Ruth during the 1927 season.

At week's end the Oklahoma Kid had

which makes things more than even. And what about the rabbit ball?

The argument will live even if Mickey fails. And even if the 60-homer mark is passed, Ruth will reign supreme. His name still fills the record books. For all his switch-hitting talents, Mickey will never pitch 29½ consecutive scoreless innings in World Series play. He will have a tough time even approaching the Babe's lifetime total of 714 homers. It will be many a long summer before he bats in 2,209 runs. As long as he remains a Yankee, Mantle will be playing his home games in the House That Ruth Built.



BRITAIN'S DOROTHY TYLER
La-la-loo-p and over.

117 out of 154 games behind him; 42 homers were already in the book (10 righthanded, 32 lefthanded). He was eight games ahead of the Babe's 1927 pace. But ahead of him was the Babe's whirlwind finish. In his big year Ruth hit 17 home runs in September alone (four in the last three games).

To the delight of the scorekeeper-historians, their figures are already the foundation for endless argument. "The Babe got a break," says the man in the stands. "The opposition had to pitch to him. Gehrig was always on deck." The long-remembered fellow alongside demurs: "Look at the record. They walked the Babe 138 times in '27. He had only 540 at bats. Mantle has 413 with a fourth of the season left. And what about Berra? Do pitchers pass the Mick to get at him?"

But the Babe's detractor has a memory too. "Weren't the rules on Ruth's side then? There were no ground-rule doubles. Some of his homers actually bounced into the stands. Counting them that way, Mantle might have broken the record already." The sentimentalist has a ready answer: "The fences are shorter now.

High-Jumping Housewife

Harried by the routine requirements of kids, husband, in-laws and washing machine, many a housewife indulges in bright, escapist daydreams. England's Dorothy Tyler, 36, is no exception. "Sometimes," says the energetic mother of two (David, 10, and Barry, 8), "I wish I were a race horse—preferably a steeple-chaser. They just jump."

For all her domesticity, Dorothy Tyler comes close to acting out her dream. She has been jumping all her life. Her odd avocation dates back to grade school, when she won a high-jumping tournament and set a schoolgirl record (4 ft. 9 in.) that still stands. After that she studied to become a secretary. "Secretaries," she explains, "don't work on Saturdays, when they have athletic meets."

Bomb & Baby Sitter. As a scrawny, limb-legged 16-year-old, Doty earned a trip to Berlin for the 1936 Olympics. To the youngest, the games seemed unpleasantly charged with politics and crowded with chaperones. To make matters worse, she was nudged out of first place by Hun-

gary's Ibodya Czak in a tie-breaking jump-off at 5 ft. 3½ in. Doty came home to her mother's little house in Mitcham and leaped through her days, kicking at high bannisters, skipping rope and playing netball, a British version of basketball. She accumulated more medals and trophies than a small-town pawnbroker. In 1939 she set a world's record: 5 ft. 5½ in. Her awkward scissors style grew so popular that it had female jumpers getting off on the wrong foot for years.

Only the combination of war and marriage could make Doty hang up her spikes. While her husband Richard Tyler fought in the Middle East, Doty Tyler drove trucks and led W.A.A.F.s through physical training. But when a bomb blew up her mother's home and clobbered her collection of prizes in the process, Doty determined to try a comeback. Even the birth of her first child did not take her mind off the 1948 Olympics. The Tylers were living with Doty's mother, a former acrobatic dancer, who was only too happy to serve as baby sitter while her daughter worked out at the Mitcham Athletic Club. When the London games began, Doty was ready. Once more she was edged out of first place. (It took her one extra jump to clear the winning height of 5 ft. 6½ in., exactly ½ in. over her head.) But her name remains on the record books. She is the only Briton who holds an Olympic record.

"Was That Me?" The years passed and the same old heights seemed harder to reach, but Doty Tyler kept jumping. She made her bow to progress by learning the Western roll. But when she got to Helsinki for the 1952 Olympic Games, a pulled abdominal muscle kept her down to 5 ft. 2½ in. and seventh place. Still she jumped—in addition to her old jobs as full-time housewife and part-time secretary. Last year she studied ballet on the theory that it would help. ("It was lots of fun. They wanted us to sing la-la-la-oop as we jumped.") A fortnight ago Doty placed first in the Women's Amateur Athletic championships, and won a distinction no other athlete ever achieved: for the fourth time in 20 years she earned a spot on an Olympic team. "I'm always amazed at my jumping," says she. "When I've gone over the bar, I say, 'Good God! Was that me?' When I stop being amazed, I guess I'll quit."

Montreal-Tokyo By Jeep

After spending World War II "building a long chain of chainless latrines from Calcutta to Cassino," Australian Engineer Ben Carlin was understandably anxious to get away from it all. And the amphibious jeep he saw rusting on a deserted U.S. Army Air Force field in Bengal gave him an idea. "You know, Mac," he told a friend, "with a bit of titivation you could go around the world in one of those things."

The more he thought about it, the more Carlin liked the idea. It seemed "a nice exercise in technology, masochism and chance—a form of sport." He went to the U.S., bought an amphibious jeep in Maryland, named her *Half Safe*, tuned her up, told his wife Elinore to climb

aboard, and headed for Canada. After four false starts he got to Montreal. Two years later he was ready to tool down the roads at a gay clip, and when he hit the seashore he kept right on going—splashing toward the Azores.

Last week, bearded, bushed and suffering from a monumental thirst, he pulled into Tokyo. In his journeying, he was ten years. \$35,000 and 30,000 miles from Montreal. He had driven his clumsy craft across the Atlantic Ocean, Europe, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, parts of the Indian Ocean, the South China Sea and the East China Sea. Between him and his goal there are now only 3,100 relatively calm miles of the north Pacific and a 6,000-mile overland trip across Alaska, Canada and the U.S. If his luck holds, he is sure to become the first man ever to jeep around the world. Looking back on his adventure, Carlin figures he is also sure to be the last.

A Flat Near Zagreb. Somehow, the 18-ft., 3-in. *Half Safe*, with her waddling 5-ft., 3-in. beam, survived an Atlantic hurricane. When he got to England, after the first leg of his journey, Skipper Carlin spent three years writing about his early adventures (*Half Safe*, William Morrow & Co., Inc. \$5) and refitting his ship. He lengthened her sloping superstructure fore and aft, thickened her neoprene water-proofing, beefed up her fuel capacity. Interior steel fittings were replaced with aluminum and plastic until the craft was 600 lbs. lighter. All told, the *Half Safe* weighed 3½ tons with a full cargo; every spare inch was filled with equipment—radio, stove, water jugs, oil cans, camera film, cans of food and dirty laundry.

The refitting job finished, the Carlins beat their way from London to the English Channel and drove across to Calais. They motored over the Simplon Pass into Italy, crossed Yugoslavia and Greece. Outside Zagreb they had their only flat. On through Ankara, across high, arid plateaus, down through the Taurus Mountains and across Syria the *Half Safe* chugged along. In Iran the craft was mistaken for a Russian tank and got a military escort to the Pakistan border. At twilight in Teheran the *Half Safe* smashed into a traffic island but suffered only a slight loss of paint.

Monsoons in Calcutta. The steering gear broke down and had to be replaced. The sun heating through the window of the jeep turned it into a galloping greenhouse. "I got her livable," says Carlin, "at the cost of chronic bronchitis. A port with an air scoop played a jet of air into my left ear."

Monsoon rains greeted the Carlins in India, and they put up in Calcutta for repairs. There Elinore, 39, who had been seasick all across the Atlantic, thought of the ocean travel ahead and decided to jump ship. Skipper Carlin ran advance ads in Australian newspapers for a replacement. All he wanted was a strong swimmer who was also a motor mechanic and a radio maintenance man and had enough money to repatriate himself from anywhere enroute. He got a 23-year-old Perth

draftsman named Barry Hanley who knew something about small boats.

Carlin crossed the Bay of Bengal alone, met Hanley in Akyah, Burma. Together, the new shipmates crossed Burma and headed toward Thailand. Neglected British military roads were so bad that Carlin says, "I wouldn't drive that way again for Gracie Kelly and £1,000, with Rudolph the Rainier's job thrown in."

Fireworks in Formosa. The *Half Safe* pushed on through Cambodia and Vietnam. Ahead, bridges were out, so Carlin set his course straight for Hong Kong, 500 miles over the South China Sea. It was the longest transoceanic hop since the Atlantic. The travelers lived on bread, fruit and canned beans. Leaded gasoline

he would never try it again. But he knows why he did it this once:

"It's pure sport. People don't recognize sport unless it comes with a standard label. Some people tickle minnows; others have jeeps. Why do we do it? Every Saturday you have thousands of guys kicking themselves up a football field. In the end they're covered with mud or in a hospital. Nobody asks them why they do it. Barring other income, I have enough now so that when I get back to Montreal I'll have just enough for fare home to Australia. At the end, a football player has enough to cart himself and his bruises home and pay for the laundry. They're going to be out again next Saturday. But after Montreal, my playing days will be over."



George Sills—LIFE

WORLD TRAVELERS ELINORE & BEN CARLIN
A 30,000-mile exercise in technology, masochism and chance.

fouled the engine and Carlin somehow managed to do a complete valve job at sea. Safe in Hong Kong, Carlin converted his engine to run on kerosene, only to find there was none available.

Formosa gave the *Half Safe* a fine welcome: fireworks, a military escort and free watermelon at every corner. "It's true of islands everywhere," says Carlin. "Only on islands do they realize fully you've arrived by sea." But Okinawa almost made him eat his words. The *Half Safe* upset the gum-chewing rhythm of that Americanized base. "We were in the seamen's club before someone noticed I wasn't a jet pilot." Then a security officer accidentally found them. "Say, you guys just arrived? I don't want to act suspicious, but I got to ask you questions."

Fare to Australia. Unfortunately the *Half Safe's* timetable is off. Carlin and Hanley arrived in Japan too late to try a Pacific crossing this year. Hanley intends to spend the winter working as a draftsman; Carlin will try for a job as a mechanic and English teacher. In the spring they will head out. With the end of the long trip in sight, Ben Carlin, 44, admits

Scoreboard

¶ Needled by Communist bigwigs, Russian track and field stars turned on the heat in the last few days of Moscow's Spartakiada sports festival. A runner virtually unknown in the West, Semyon Rzhishchin, lowered the world 3,000-meter steeplechase record to 8:39.8. Soviet swimmers dropped the 400-meter medley relay mark to 4:14.3.

¶ Stan Musial's seventh-inning double could not keep the St. Louis Cardinals from losing to the Milwaukee Braves 8-0, but it was Stan the Man's 1,072nd extra-base hit, an achievement that gives him the National League record, one ahead of the Giants' Mel Ott.

¶ Tennessee A. & I. State University Club's Mae Faggs, 24, almost ran away with the women's National A.A.U. championships in Philadelphia. She won the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes and ran anchor leg on her club's winning 400-meter relay team. San Francisco's Pamela Kurrell, 17, skimmed the discus 140 ft. 11 in., to break the American record she had set just the day before.

THE PRESS

Platform Editor

When the lights went up at the Democratic National Convention one night last week after the screening of a campaign film, National Chairman Paul Mulholland Butler stepped to the rostrum and spat out a challenge. Trembling with rage, Democratic Chief Butler snapped that "one of the major networks has failed to keep its commitment to present this documentary film to the American people." By pointedly thanking NBC and ABC for showing the movie, he put the finger on CBS as the offender.

As a chorus of boos rose from the convention floor, some delegates stood,

Paul Butler. Stanton backed his staff. "I am shocked by your inflammatory attack," said the CBS chief. "Those who make the news cannot, in a free society, dictate to broadcasters, as part of the free press, to what extent, where, and how they shall cover the news. Television and radio . . . are not mere conduits which must carry everything which the newsmaker demands."

Biting the Hand. Ever since Lawyer Butler came out of South Bend, Ind. to become Democratic chairman, he has persistently cried that the press—"the one-party press"—is unfair to Democrats. But his wail of "sabotage" against CBS was a case of biting off the hand that

"In the light of all the circumstances," CBS firmly refused to yield. Moreover, all three networks informed Butler that, like editors of the older medium, they would go right on calling their own shots. The cub reporter of U.S. journalism had faced a challenge to its freedom, and had measured up.

Print v. Picture

On the 16th floor of Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, Correspondent René MacColl of London's *Daily Express* rushed to a down elevator. The elevator girl waved him back imperiously. "Just a minute, sir," she said. "I'm on TV." Recounted MacColl: "I looked around, and by God, she was. A huge glare box was moving up behind me for an interview with her."

Like Correspondent MacColl, newsmen in Chicago last week sweated under the glare box at almost every turn. Already widely resented by reporters as troublesome interlopers (*TIME*, May 21), the TV cameras in unprecedented force imposed new hazards on the old art of covering a political convention. Sometimes the newsmen found themselves trapped in hotel corridors as the networks jockeyed their massive apparatus near the candidates' suites, often wielding it as a blockade against TV competitors. At least once, the blockade kept reporters out of a candidate's room, and cost them a story.

"Stacked Like Cordwood." Indeed, the timing and form of convention news breaks, on the floor and off, was shaped to the demands of TV. Said one CBS producer: "The smart politicians just automatically seem to give us priority." Said Atlanta *Constitution* Editor Ralph McGill: "A reporter who doesn't represent one of the big outfits doesn't have a chance any more of getting in to talk with one of the big figures. The politicians say: 'I'd rather be on TV. Why should I see this writer?' " At one point, there were so many politicians queuing for interviews at ABC's hotel studio that one of them, Michigan's Governor Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, cracked: "We're stacked up here like cordwood."

But the ubiquitous TV eye produced new techniques and new enterprise in the press. Every major news-gathering outfit monitored the convention on the TV screen. Legmen still rushed to the telephone to report news breaks to the wire services, but the first United Press bulletin on the Truman endorsement of Averell Harriman came from the rewrite man who saw it on TV. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's convention speech was hard to hear in the hall, so the Associated Press used TV sets for coverage. In New York, the *Times* took the tally on the presidential ballot off the screen and rushed it to the composing room for its table of how the states voted. For the word reporters, TV's advantage put a new premium on cultivating sources, getting the kind of candid not-for-attribution quotes that politicians hesitate to share with the voters on TV, chasing politicians where the cameras still cannot go; e.g., whenever Harriman nipped up the back stairs from his suite to Harry



Cornell Copo—Life

CANDIDATE STEVENSON & NEWSMEN IN CORRIDOR CRUSH
Against the glare box, new techniques and new enterprise.

shook their fists at the CBS booth above and behind the rostrum and shouted, "Throw 'em out!" (Said one CBS reporter who was on the floor: "I thought they were going to smash our cameras.") Later, still fuming, toplofty Paul Butler charged "absolute sabotage," demanded that CBS carry the film with advance notice of its showing.

No "Mere Conduits." Butler's blast caught CBS President Frank Stanton sitting in a convention box alongside Harry Truman's. sent him rushing to his network's backstage headquarters. There Sig Mickelson, CBS vice president in charge of the coverage, was already getting up the explanation: CBS had made no commitment to show the half-hour film, actually showed the last six minutes of it after carrying four brief interviews with politicians, fill-ins by four of its commentators, and a one-minute commercial. The network, said Mickelson mildly, was simply "exercising our news judgment" in what it chose to show.

In a wire to his good personal friend

had been feeding him. CBS news coverage has been more than friendly to Butler's cause, and the punditing of its top commentators, Edward R. Murrow and Eric Sevareid, has been sharply slanted toward the Democratic side. It was CBS that, out of its own pocket, set up hour-long, closed-circuit telecasts last month so that Butler and Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall could give instructions to delegates to both conventions. CBS also made a kinescope of Keynoteur Frank Clement rehearsing his big speech, and Stanton himself gave the Tennessee governor pointers on TV technique.

Although Butler later tried to back-track somewhat in his accusations, he pressed his demand for a CBS showing and again betrayed the chip he wears on his shoulder for the press at large. Petulantly, he hoped that "the infant medium of TV [will] not fall into some of the habits of the older medium of newspaper reporting." If CBS did not meet his demand, he threatened darkly, it might be inviting "legislation."



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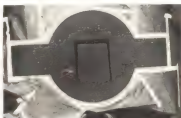
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Truman's, he was trailed by half a dozen gasping newsmen.

Old Story. In the face of the TV screen, the newspapers' old running story of the full convention became somewhat less important (as the newspaper's play-by-play of the baseball game has become unimportant). The daily press threw new energy and new talent into exploring the offbeat byways of color and anecdote as well as the lofty theories of analysis and interpretation. Ironically, some of the best punditry came not from Chicago but from Washington, where Columnist Walter Lippmann watched the convention on TV. Some of the sidebar ban to outlandish trivia, e.g., the contents of Adlai Stevenson's laundry bag, but some of it reached new levels of excellence. For entertainment, few reporters could equal the New York Herald Tribune's wisecracking Sports Columnist Red Smith, who dealt with the convention like an athletic contest, sprinkled his copy with sports allusions and such gems as his description of Happy Chandler's campaign grin ("A hawg-jowl smile, meaty and succulent, with collar greens on the side"). Governor Frank Clement's coiffure ("He wears a small round part in his dark hair"), and political pundits ("sports experts with their shirttails tucked in").

Though pad-and-pencil newsmen competed briskly with the electronic press at the scene of the news, each getting constantly in the other's way, there was actually no competition between the TV screen and the printed word. They supplemented each other. When it came to speed and high fidelity to the news at the instant it was breaking, TV was in a class of its own. By the same token, for those who could not spend hours before a TV screen or who wanted the story rounded up and interpreted, readable at their own pace and convenience (and available for future reference), the printed page was worth a thousand TV pictures.

The Fall-Out

After four months of tireless investigation, the law last week finally pointed its finger at the acid thrower who blinded Labor Columnist Victor Riesel (TIME April 16). The assailant, a 22-year-old hoodlum named Abraham Telvi, who got \$1,000 for the brutal job, had already come to crude, ironic justice: he was the victim of a gangland murder triggered by his own hand. But the FBI seized two accomplices linked to labor rackets in New York's garment industry and put together this outline of the crime.

When the New York Daily Mirror's syndicated labor expert left a radio broadcast in Manhattan late one April night, he and his party were trailed to Lindy's restaurant by sallow-faced Gondolfo Miranti, 37, an ex-convict and garment-industry thug with a long record of arrests. From the next table, Miranti kept an eye on the group. As they prepared to leave, he moved swiftly outside, whispered urgently to Telvi, who stood in the shadows. Seconds later, Riesel emerged, and Telvi stepped forward to do his job.



ACID-THROWER TELVI
The scars were too hot.

The concentrated sulphuric acid hit Riesel right across the eyes, but the fall-out from the wide-mouthed bottle sent corrosive little splashes into Telvi's own face. With Miranti's help, the thug rushed for hiding to his girl friend's Manhattan apartment. There Telvi was visited by Joe Carino, 43, a stocky ex-convict with manicured fingernails. It was Carino, acting for an "undisclosed principal," who had made the "contract" for Telvi's job, supplied him with the acid, and collected "\$150 to \$200" as his fee.

With the acid eating long, telltale scars into Telvi's face, Carino feared that he was "too hot" to stay around. One night when Telvi dared to walk in the streets, a car pulled up and an unidentified man urged him to get in and be taken to the airport so he could lie low in Florida. He got in, but managed to leap out safely when the car kept going in the wrong direction. Then the hoodlum fled to a hide-out in Youngstown, Ohio. In July Telvi returned to New York, but he was still "too hot." A few days later, in a lower East Side street, police found his body, apparently dumped from a car, with a bullet wound in the back of the head.

The FBI last week arrested Finger Man Miranti and Contractor Carino, charged them with conspiring to obstruct justice by trying to prevent Columnist Riesel's appearance before a Federal Grand Jury investigating labor rackets. Agents also locked up three material witnesses who knew enough to be "hot" too. To Columnist Riesel, Telvi and his confederates were "complete and absolute strangers." But he was sure that their trail would lead to labor racketeers. "They picked on me," he told reporters, "because they wanted to silence the papers."

At week's end the FBI was still on the trail of its real quarry—the man or men who hired Telvi and paid him off twice.

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equipped to serve out-of-state business as well as Californians themselves. Through its on-the-spot locations in cities, towns, and neighborhoods, this bank gathers the latest local information concerning credit and collections, sales and marketing, land costs and labor supply. If such a service can assist you in the great California market, why not make it a point to get in touch with us soon?



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RELIGION

The Church in China

Some churchmen are trying to spread the notion that the Chinese Communists are really being kind to Christians. A fortnight ago, Anglican Bishop K. H. Ting of Chekiang appeared at the World Council of Churches meeting in Hungary (TIME, Aug. 13) to say that Christian churches in Communist China are free. The Chinese people, said Bishop Ting, have come to regard Communist rule as "an act of God and a demonstration of His love." Last week brought further evidence of just how "free" Christianity is in Red China. After keeping him prisoner for five years, the Communists released Henry Ambrose Pinger, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chongtun and a Franciscan missionary in China for 30 years. He was the last American Roman Catholic bishop to be released from prison by the Reds. In Hong Kong, Nebraska-born Bishop Pinger, 59, told reporters about his experiences.

For four years he did not even know the charge against him. Day after day, for the first five months, interrogators took turns questioning him in two-hour shifts, during which he was never allowed to sit down. He was moved 15 times in those four years, from prison to prison and cell to bedless cell, with from six to 13 cell mates. During the first year there were only two meals a day of bread and vegetables. Bishop Pinger's Bible and rosary were confiscated. "There is freedom of religion in the new China," his warders told him, "but not for prisoners." They lectured him severely whenever they caught him praying: "I soon learned to pray without showing any outward signs."



Steve Chu—Pan-Asia

BISHOP PINGER (IN HONG KONG)
Communist "freedom" means destruction.

Before his release, ailing Bishop Pinger got a 25-day "cultural tour" of Red China, but he remained unimpressed. As for the clerics who have made their peace with the regime, he is sure they are insincere or misled: "I am fully convinced that the Chinese Communists aim for the ultimate and total destruction of the Church."

Reform for Israel?

Jews in Israel have a take-it-or-leave-it choice in religion: be either completely Orthodox or thoroughly secular. Consequently, about one-third observe only the high holidays and another third practice no religion at all. Last week battle lines were being drawn over whether Israelis should have another alternative.

The man who may give it to them is Nelson Glueck, archaeologist and head of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College, chief training center for U.S. Reform rabbis. Three years ago Dr. Glueck, three times director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem's Old City, had the idea of setting up a postgraduate archaeological school in Jerusalem linked to Hebrew Union. Naturally, the school would have facilities for worship; naturally, the worship would be according to the relaxed rules of Reform Judaism. The Israeli government leased him a two-acre plot at an annual rent of 40¢, and Nelson Glueck went ahead, carefully including in his contract the right to "pray, preach and practice Judaism" according to his own understanding of it.

Not Marilyn Monroe! The day before he left the U.S. this summer to supervise the start of building operations, Rabbi Glueck had a letter from Israel's Chief Rabbi Isaac Herzog, warning him not to "split Jewry" by introducing the Reform movement in Israel. When Glueck arrived in Israel he found obstruction rather than construction well under way.

In the eyes of Orthodox Jews, whose lives are directed in minutest detail by the *Shulhan Aruch* (a traditional compilation of rabbinic rulings), Reform Jews are "Christians without Christ." Like Christians, they remove their hats for worship, let men sit with women in their synagogues, often use organ music, and even hold their services on Sundays. For them the Psalms and prophets are more important than the Torah. Few of them observe any dietary laws at all, much less the more specialized injunctions against shaving, work on Saturday, etc. And they think almost nothing of intermarriage. Said one Israeli rabbi last week: "Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller were married by a Reform rabbi. Just think—such a thing could happen here if Nelson Glueck gets his way!"

To keep him from getting his way, the powerful Orthodox faction blocked the planned school by postponing meetings of the Jerusalem Municipal Council necessary to grant a construction permit. At last Glueck compromised on some details: services would be held in Hebrew rather



RABBI GUEUCK (OFF TO JERUSALEM)
Orthodoxy means the ghetto spirit.

than English, hats would be optional, and there would be no organ. But the services would still be unmistakably Reform. Says Glueck: "I am no missionary for American Reform Judaism, but I am interested in seeing that there is freedom of religion in Israel... I hate ghettos and the ghetto spirit, and the rabbinate is trying to project this spirit into the country. They have developed a petrified ghetto psychology they think is Judaism."

Dangerous Import. When the rabbis refused to give way, Premier Ben-Gurion stepped in, told Jerusalem's Mayor Gershon Agron to see that Glueck's plans were approved immediately. Last week the Orthodox bowed to the inevitable, granted Glueck his building permit.

But Israel's rabbis will fight on, and the means they use may not all be spiritual. Editorialized Tel Aviv's Orthodox paper, *Hatzofe*: "Reform Judaism is more dangerous than openly secular movements, because it uses deceitful tricks to conceal its true nature, which is to turn Jews into Gentiles. There is no room for tolerance on this issue. We must cast out this dangerous import from the United States."

Said the conservative daily *Haboker*: "Glueck should shelve his plans not because there is no need for religious reform in Israel but because such a step might lead to grave and needless civil war."

A Wonderful Experience

"I think you would want me to be perfectly frank with you," said the doctor to the Rev. Benjamin Harrison Duncan, editor of the weekly *Arkansas Baptist*. That day, nearly a year ago, 66-year-old Baptist Duncan learned that he had leukemia (cancer of the white blood corpuscles) and perhaps had only a few months to live. In an editorial last week, Duncan

Two sides to everything

Take this business of investing in common stocks, for example.

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told his readers how it feels for a minister to live under a death sentence.

"Death isn't a stranger to me, a Baptist minister for 46 years," he wrote. "I have prayed with scores of people in their last hours. I have turned from the deathbed to comfort hundreds of others. . . . Death isn't a pleasant assignment. . . . The question was hurled at me: Will my life in these few weeks be an example of what I have preached? Does death look different, now that it has come so near to me, than it looked when I was counseling with others? . . . Is the counsel I gave to others adequate for myself now that I face the possibility of an early death? Am I willing to rest my case upon the assurances I gave to others through the years?"

"After a thorough heart-searching I found that I could add nothing new for my own counsel. The same assurances of God's word which had met the needs of others is sufficient for me. . . . I can say with the Apostle Paul (1 Timothy 1: 12), 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' It has been a wonderful experience through which I have gone."

Saintly Neurotics

The Roman Catholic Church needs psychiatrists. So says Auxiliary Bishop Joseph M. Marling of Kansas City, Mo., whose address to the Guild of Catholic Psychiatrists is reprinted in the current issue of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*. Bishop Marling warns that it is the psychiatrists' scientific knowledge only that the church needs—not moral notions, "consciously or unconsciously imbued from modern thought," such as assigning too much authority to instinctive drives, negating the power of free will, or oversteering the subjective aspect of sin.

But, with this caveat, the bishop invites Catholic psychiatrists to pay special attention to the problems of mystical phenomena (ecstasy, levitation, visions, stigmatization), vocations to the priesthood and religious life, and such common lay problems as sexual aberrations and "the ever practical matter of the validity of the assent given to the marriage contract."

From Handicap to Holiness. Bishop Marling feels that the saints provide an especially rich field for the psychiatrist. For Catholic writers often show a misguided tendency to suppress neurotic elements in the saints' biographies. For though "the struggle for perfection . . . tends to a balanced character, to genuine psychological unity," there is no need to deny that many saints were neurotic. In Bishop Marling's view, "Many a saint has borne a neurosis to a holy death, and enjoys the honors of the altar precisely because, though handicapped by ignorance of its nature and source, he struggled valiantly against it."

As an example, Bishop Marling cites a study by a Catholic priest, "at home in the psychic realm," of St. Teresa of Lisieux (1873-97), who seems to have suffered a severe obsessional neurosis.

"At her mother's death," writes the



MINISTER DUNCAN
Death is not a stranger.

bishop, "when she was four and a half, she admits that she became reserved, timid and inclined to weep without cause. At six, she 'enjoyed' melancholy. At eleven, her sister, Pauline, her second mother, entered [the Carmelite order]. A serious nervous breakdown resulted, with fits of catalepsy, hallucinations and delusions. Treatment failed; she did not recognize her own sister. A cure came suddenly when the statue of our Lady smiled at her. The propensity to tears and headache continued; she loved to be alone. At twelve, scruples set in; black moods followed. When told that she was too young to enter Carmel at 15, she described her feelings with such phrases: 'A three days' martyrdom,' 'lost in a frightful desert,' 'stormy waters, darkness, lightning,' 'dark night, utter desolation, death.'"

From Fear to Heroism. "What she calls her conversion, the conquest of tears, took place at Christmas, 1886, but it was not complete. Turning to the last year of her life one meets her intolerable fear that God did not love her, that heaven does not exist—a condition that she could not explain. The author [of the study] judges that she suffered from psychoneurosis, 'sharing her disability with that section of humanity which has given the world most of its thinkers, artists, poets, musicians, and, we can add, many of its saints.' But he shows how bravely and heroically she fought the neurotic tendencies—the propensity to tears, the scruples, the laxity that often accompanies scrupulosity, the urge to inflict others with a description of her intolerable melancholy. Her cheerful manner so deceived her fellow sisters that they had no idea what she meant when she spoke of her life as one of bitter suffering."

Such studies, says Bishop Marling, open new approaches to the saintliness of saints. "The hagiographer will explore the terrain with greater skill if a capable Catholic psychiatrist be at his side."

A brave little girl...
a cardiac golfer...
a tale of two hearts

Wausau Story



Cardiac golfer, M. W. Kyler gets tip from pro Willie Stepanik as American Heart Association representative looks on



by HENRY D. SAYER,
Former Industrial Commissioner
of New York State

"In years of dealing with insurance matters, I had many contacts with Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

So the city was familiar to me although I'd never visited it.

"So I was especially glad to see firsthand the unique personality of this community. A community that got its roots

from big timber and that's grown up to a busy, progressive city yet with its heart still bound close to deep woods and fishing streams.

"My tour of the city took me out to the Wausau Country Club where I saw Mr. M. W. Kyler playing golf. Mr. Kyler had a heart attack 18 years ago but still leads an active business life. Here in Wausau I found that sports therapy, so much in the news today, is never more than 5 minutes away from anyone.

"But I think what came closest to expressing for me the warm friendliness of the Wausau way of life was the story of little Sandra Hoile. An article about Sandra's rheumatic fever appeared in the Wausau

paper. Ever since then the entire community has taken her to its heart. As a grandfather I couldn't help wishing as I visited Sandra that all little girls could grow up in a community like Wausau. I'm glad I finally got to see Wausau."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

We here at Employers Mutuals are glad we grew up in Wausau. And we're always happy when folks like Mr. Sayer share our sentiments and pride in the Wausau way of doing things. We figure to keep on growing but never to outgrow our Wausau born idea that, in business as in daily living, friendliness and helpfulness should prevail. You'll find two tangible results of that outlook when you do business with us: unexcelled service on claims and an accident prevention program that means lower insurance cost to policy holders. We write all types of fire and casualty insurance and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. If you call on us in any of the 48 states, you'll find there's a "little bit of Wausau" wherever we do business.

... the community's heart is showing.
Brighter future for 8-year-old Sandra Hoile



Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do
business with"

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Price of the Boom

After tiptoeing upward for five months, living costs marched boldly higher across a broad front last week. In a pattern that had all the markings of the fifth general price adjustment since World War II (and the first since 1953), appliance makers announced increases of 1% to 10% on TV sets, refrigerators, washing machines and electric ranges. Other manufacturers hiked their price tags on a wide variety of products, from mattresses to steel cabinets, rubber heels to beer. Scrap steel prices reached \$63 a ton, a record high. Automakers estimated that 1957 cars will be from \$30 to \$300 more expensive than this year's models when they make their bows next month. Of 4,000 manufacturing companies surveyed last week by the National Institute of Statistics and Economic Studies, nearly 3,000 said they intended to raise prices.

While many businessmen blamed higher prices on the boost in steel (\$8.50 a ton) and aluminum (1¢ per lb.), the adjustment in most cases also covered increases in wages, fringe benefits, raw materials and freight rates which had been nudging up production costs long before last month's steel strike. Led by a jump in food bills, the consumer price index, which since May 1953 had remained steady at around 114-115 (based on an average of 100 for the years 1947-49), started an uninterrupted rise in February, passed the alltime peak of 116.2 last June—and kept climbing.

Last week family budgets across the U.S. began to feel the impact. In Seattle barbers hoisted haircut prices 25¢ (to \$1.75). In Detroit the board of education

warned that hot meals would cost the city's 272,000 schoolchildren 2¢ more this fall. Milk prices rose a penny a quart in Des Moines; bread jumped 2¢ a loaf in San Francisco. Diamonds were up 10% in Dallas. Clothing in some areas is going up 7½%. Food also is expected to go higher, largely as a result of higher handling costs. Said a Memphis executive: "We're paying more in freight charges per cwt. on some items than we do for the merchandise itself."

The Eisenhower Administration, which has acted swiftly and boldly to counteract inflationary pressures in the past, was keeping a close eye on the market place last week. Government economists pointed out that price increases for competitive consumer goods, a natural phenomenon in a humming economy, tend to check inflationary tendencies. Moreover, the increase in U.S. productivity is keeping pace with the boom. At week's end, however, the Federal Reserve Board was reported ready to raise the rediscount rate, for the sixth time in 17 months, to a uniform 3%. The aim: to ease down on the boom before it gets out of hand.

COMMODITIES

Up on the Farm

When Congress began battling over an election-year farm bill seven months ago, the situation of the U.S. farmer was one of uncertainty. Prices of most farm commodities had hit bottom, the parity ratio had fallen to 80%. Traders, realizing that the largest U.S. farm surplus in history was jamming storage bins, sold short or shied away from the exchanges, and futures prices were shaky. But now the attitude of the farmer has changed from

uncertainty to the beginnings of cautious optimism.

By last week, farm prices were 10% above January levels and the parity ratio had climbed to 85%. Wheat, corn, oats, rye and other commodity futures were rising. Department of Agriculture economists revised an earlier forecast, predicted that net farm income in 1956 will be higher than last year's.

The optimism stems from a new kind of operation of the old law of supply and demand—with overtones of Government action. The Agriculture Marketing Service estimates that farmers will harvest 24% less oats, 3% less corn, 10% less barley, 21% less sorghum grain, 5% less hay than they did in 1955. Main reasons are drought and cold weather, which not only cut yield per acre but also prompted farmers to plow their damaged crops under and join the Federal Government's soil bank. Since the soil-bank plan was inaugurated in late May, more than 10.7 million acres of farmland have been taken out of production.

One major crop that will be bigger (by 2,200,000 bu.) this year than last is wheat, but the wheat farmer also can look forward to higher prices. The Department of Agriculture has announced that, effective Sept. 4, it will stop cut-rate sales of wheat from Government stocks and thus force exporters to buy on the open market. This could boost market prices to nearly 100% of parity.

The same general pattern applies in the cattle market. Since mid-July beef cattle and calves, which constitute the largest single source of U.S. cash farm income, have been bringing farmers higher prices. All grades and weights slaughtered in Chicago last week brought a top price of \$36.27 compared to \$32.50 in the same week a year ago. The prices are up because lower production and premature marketing have resulted in a short supply of beef. Stockyard experts predict that the price trend will continue upward into November.

COMMUNICATIONS

Voices Under the Sea

At 9 o'clock one morning last week the bull-nosed shape of Her Majesty's Telegraph Ship *Monarch*, world's largest cable-laying vessel, rode slowly into Random Sound off Clarenville on the east coast of Newfoundland and began a new era in communications. After 30 years of planning, seven months of steaming, *Monarch* had paid out of her massive hold 4,900 miles of copper-cored, steel-armored, polyethylene-insulated 1½-in. cable, and with the splice at Clarenville, completed the first underwater telephone cable linking America and Europe. Now, for the first time in history, voices could travel long distances under the sea.

Business-wise, the 2,650-mile, \$42 million cable between Sydney Mines, Nova



BRITAIN'S TELEGRAPH SHIP "MONARCH"

Lloyd Sheppard—St. John's Evening Telegram
Into a copper-cored, steel-armored, polyethylene-insulated new era.

TIME CLOCK

Scotia, and Oban, Scotland (financed and owned 50% by American Telephone & Telegraph, 41% by British Post Office, 9% by Canada's Overseas Telecommunications) was an absolute necessity. Starting in 1927, when transatlantic radiophone service began, the volume of New York-London messages alone had grown from 2,000 to 101,500 in 1955. Meanwhile, wave-length limitations not only overloaded but doomed the transatlantic radiophones to a meager 15 circuits that were at the mercy of static, sunspot interference and fading. Following bursts of sunspot activity, delays on overseas calls sometimes ran up to seven hours; occasionally the blackouts have been known to last for days.

The 22nd undersea cable and the first telephone cable (the others can handle only telegraph messages) can transmit 35 calls simultaneously over each of its two lengths, more than doubling present transatlantic phone capacity. Service will be inaugurated sometime this fall and by conservative A. T. & T. estimate should be at full capacity within two years at the standard rate of \$12 per three-minute New York-London call. With no atmospherics to throw it off, the submarine phone cable is bell-clear, is expected to be working at all times. Last week grey, ramrod-straight *Monarch* Captain James P. F. Betson, who kept in phone contact with shore technicians over the cable even as he was paying it out, gave it a glowing testimonial: "There is no background noise at all . . . it is truly the silent voice under the ocean."

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Cut-Rate Crook of Gold

"It is astonishing," said the Philosopher, "on what slender compulsion people will go to America."

—James Stephens in
The Crook of Gold

At Rineanna, a concrete isle amid County Clare's mud flats and emerald-green farms, the astonishing compulsion of people to travel to and from America keeps Irish cash registers dancing around the clock. Better known as Shannon (for the nearby river), Rineanna is the Times Square of transatlantic air travel, the crossroads where 12,000 aircraft and nearly half a million passengers each year swoop in for gasoline, food and rest.

Shannon's main 7,000-ft. runway is Ireland's biggest; its pub is the only establishment in all the Emerald Isle where a thirsty soul may legally wet his whistle at any hour of night or day.^{*} But Shannon's greatest compulsion is the airport store, where cameras, cashmeres and co-

HOUSE BUYING will be easier under new F.H.A. regulations reducing down payments on old houses to level now prevailing on new houses. Instead of minimum down payment of 12% of first \$9,000 of price, 27% on rest, old-house buyer can now pay 7% of first \$9,000, 27% on rest. On \$15,000 house this means minimum down payment drops from \$2,700 to \$2,250.

NEW CAR OUTPUT begins as Ford, Chrysler, Studebaker complete model runs and join all other producers except G.M. in shutting down for the 1957 model change-over. Carryover of current models is down to manageable figure of less than 600,000 v. 750,000 a year ago.

AMERICAN MOTORS, strongest Detroit independent, suffered a \$7,000,000 second-quarter loss despite a nonrecurring \$3,500,000 profit from sale of investments. President George Romney ascribed the loss (compared to a \$1,500,000 profit for the same period a year ago) to lower car sales and heavy cost of restyling the Rambler a year earlier than originally planned.

ITALIAN AUTO BOOM pushed record first-half '56 production 15% ahead of last year, 30% over '54. Fiat leads the way, finds that its baby "600" is gaining favor even in Volkswagen Germany.

PROCTER & GAMBLE is moving into completely new lines with take-over of Duncan Hines enterprises, which inspects, approves restaurants and lodgings, and issues guidebooks and credit cards. P. & G., whose sales hit the billion-dollar mark in the fiscal year ended

June 30, also bought the Hines line of prepared cake and bake mixes from Nebraska Consolidated Mills.

RAILROAD STATIONS, from whistle stops to major terminals, e.g., Toledo, will be sold or leased by New York Central in unprecedented move to cut passenger deficits (\$38 million last year). Central will then rent back the space it wants and needs, leaving rest for use by new owners and lessees. Not included in the offer of 406 stations: Manhattan's Grand Central terminal, which loses \$24 million yearly.

HYDROFOIL USE may increase as Grumman Aircraft, largest U.S. amphibious plane manufacturer, acquires half-interest (for about \$250,000) in Long Island's Dynamic Developments, Inc., a hydrofoil research organization. Hydrofoil (a finlike device) operates in water like airplane wings, using hydrodynamic pressures to lift hull so that boat or seaplane rides on stilts with minimal resistance, making possible faster speed, smoother ride, faster take-off.

INTERCITY MONORAIL between Fort Worth and Dallas, which would cost about \$500,000 a mile, is being considered by Monorail Inc. and Texas Motor Coaches. Experimental version of high-speed train, which runs on suspended rail supported by steel towers, has been operating in Houston.

PORTABLE TV SETS now account for 20% of industry's sales, 15% of its dollar volume. One major TV maker (Emerson) reports that its portable TV-phone-radio has become its biggest seller.

gnacs, watches, whisky and Waterford glass are stacked in duty-free profusion. There the traveler may buy one ounce of Chanel No. 5 for \$7.50, one-third the New York price (and \$2 less than it costs in Paris). A German Rolleiflex camera selling for \$300.50 in New York can be bought at Shannon for \$82; Irish whisky for \$1.50 a fifth, v. \$6.30 in the U.S. Its cut-rate counters have made Shannon a crock of gold for the government: travelers of all nationalities spent nearly \$3,000,000 there in 1955; the airport earned more precious dollars (\$1,739,785) than any other individual enterprise in Ireland.

Spécialité: Stew. Built by the Irish government in 1945, Shannon in 1947 became the world's first free international airport, i.e., goods and passengers in transit are not subject to customs inspection or duties. As the postwar travel boom got underway, a small kiosk in the corner of the passenger lounge did such a brisk trade in Irish linens and dolls that the airport authorities decided in 1949 to build a full-fledged shop. They placed it strategically between the restaurant, which serves every national dish in the world (*spécialité de la maison*: Irish

stew), and the bar, where passengers last year downed 81,000 glasses of Irish coffee (at 40¢), a caloric combination of whisky, coffee and cream (TIME, Aug. 29, 1955) hymned as being rich as an Irish brogue/strong as a friendly hand/sweet as the tongue of a rogue/smooth as the wit of the land.

"You Could Sell an Elephant." Shannon's counters wind higgledy-piggledy through the lounge, confront the passengers at every turn, show goods from all over Europe. Thanks to U.S. customs laws, which allow returning tourists to bring in \$500 worth of purchases (including five fifths of liquor) duty-free, Shannon's shop has zoomed ahead of the Blarney Stone as Ireland's most profitable tourist attraction. Such is its fame that when Sabena, Belgium's airline, inaugurated nonstop Manchester-New York service, passengers forced the airline to reinstate the Shannon stopover.

Realizing that homing Americans (some 75% of Shannon's west-bound traffic) are often pinched for cash, the shop in 1954 started a mail-order business that allows tourists to bring in their purchases duty-free up to six months after their arrival in the U.S. Top-selling items: Irish whis-

* Thanks to an ancient and honorable law which provides that a person who has traveled or is about to travel 50 miles is entitled to a drink, whatever the hour.

BUSINESSMEN IN POLITICS

There Is More Talk Than Action

IN Chicago last week it looked as if business-baiting would play a heavier role in the 1956 election campaign than in any presidential race since the 1930s. But U.S. businessmen as a group gave little evidence of apprehension or even of quickened interest in politics. In Boston and Seattle, Republican committeemen reported that substantially fewer businessmen had volunteered for electioneering duty than in 1952. The same was true in Pittsburgh, where one industrialist explained: "Everyone figures Ike is a shoo-in. The same old warhorses are still the active ones in both parties."

While the 1956 attitude is no doubt a factor, the paucity of businessmen active in political affairs runs much deeper than one season's mood. U.S. businessmen, whether Democrats or Republicans, have a deep-seated aversion to political activity. Even in the last presidential campaign an upsurge in political interest on the part of businessmen generally took the form of discreet, behind-the-scenes aid. Few businessmen shrink from political action in cases that directly affect their industry, e.g., for higher tariffs on imported textiles (promised by implication last week in the Democratic platform). But most executives shrink from open support of political parties for fear of offending customers, stockholders or powerful public officials. Shrugs a Republican auto-industry executive: "We sell cars to both Democrats and Republicans—and there are more Democrats than Republicans in this country."

Labor unions, on the other hand, aggressively campaign for their candidates, will raise a \$3,000,000 war chest (up nearly 50% since 1952) for the Democratic Party this year. While politically-oriented union periodicals and fund-raisers circulate freely in most plants, employers as a group feel workers would resent any effort to expound management's view of political issues.

Some businessmen realize that their failure to be counted at campaign time tends to hinder business' role of leadership in U.S. society. They recognize the fact that, despite the enormous impact of business on the welfare of 168 million Americans, its legitimate interests have never in modern times been treated with the sympathy that politicians reserve for farmers or organized labor. Even many politicians favorably inclined toward the businessman's interests are reluctant to speak out.

To improve the standing and in-

crease the participation of businessmen in politics, General Electric recently sent 400,000 management men and stockholders a pamphlet entitled "Political Helplessness of Business Hurts Everybody." G.E.'s main argument: "The big reason that union officials are thought to be so important politically while businessmen are usually so impotent is that rightly or wrongly the politicians figure union officials can and do influence votes, while businessmen can't and don't. The businessman who says he's not involved in politics is kidding himself—dangerously." Adds William Harrison Fretledge, vice president of *Popular Mechanics* and long-time Republican fund-raiser in Chicago: "No others have a greater stake in America's future than our business people. Yet it is my belief that with their 'big-talk-little-do' platform they have abdicated their right to provide leadership in public life."

How can businessmen achieve first-class political citizenship? In some states, e.g., Ohio, California, they have formed political organizations on a continuing basis. Individual companies also are gingerly tackling the problem with campaigns to register employees, bipartisan presentation of issues and candidates in forums and house organs. Westinghouse, for example, devotes equal space in its company newspaper to candidates of both parties, prints each party's statements verbatim. Johnson & Johnson, No. 1 U.S. maker of bandages and surgical dressings, has started a nonpartisan political-education program that has prompted 80 employees to hold political office in states where the company has plants. Ford Motor Co. last June sent out letters urging more than 12,000 management-level employees to take an "active, perceptive interest in candidates" and to devote "at least a portion of their available time to the party of their choice."

Many business leaders are becoming increasingly aware that management cannot play an effective role in politics merely by contributing cash in election years or leaping into the fray when threatened with hostile legislation. If business is to live up to its social responsibilities, they argue, businessmen will have to devote to politics the inventiveness and drive that they lavish full-time on their jobs. Says U.S. Chamber of Commerce President John S. Coleman: "We must have a point of view—a philosophy that will permit us, instead of resisting change, to play a creative role in controlling and directing it."

ky (\$50,000 gals. in 1955). French perfumes, German cameras (1,000 a month), Swiss watches, and American cigarettes at \$1.40 a carton. Last week, with 90,000 mail-order catalogues floating through Europe and the U.S., Shannon started expanding its counter space for the second time. Said an old Shannon hand: "You could sell an elephant here if you want about it right."

LABOR

The Big Boycott

In April 1954, some 2,800 United Auto Workers walked out of the Kohler Co. in Wisconsin, demanding higher pay and union powers that are more or less standard throughout industry. In the 28 months since then, the strike has degenerated into the nation's oldest, ugliest major labor dispute, bringing vandalism, bloodshed and violence to the pretty beer-and-bocworkurst city of Sheboygan (*TIME*, April 18, 1955). Unable to hudge Kohler from its adamant stand, the U.A.W. is now moving the biggest boycott in U.S. history against the company. All over the land the U.A.W. is preaching to other unions and pressuring plumbing contractors with the message: "Don't buy Kohler."

Last week twelve U.A.W. apostles took the word to 2,532 plumbers and pipe fitters attending a national convention in Kansas City. The U.A.W. argued that it is their fight too, gave delegates anti-Kohler Kits containing union propaganda, campaign buttons (Don't Buy Kohler), and lists of merchants and contractors who do buy Kohler. The biggest meeting of U.S. plumbers in history cheered a unanimous "aye" to a resolution urging federal agencies to "refrain from granting contracts to Kohler, or purchase of its products." Washington of course will ignore the plea, continue to buy from the lowest bidder. But the U.A.W. won the sympathy of the men who install plumbing.

From Kansas City, Kohler strike leaders are carrying their crusade to other meetings of the 18 million U.S. unionists. This week they move to labor conventions in Wisconsin, Ohio and Nevada. Said U.A.W. International Representative Donald Rand: "There won't be a trade meeting any place that does not get the Kohler story."

Cloak & Dagger. Clearly the boycott is hurting Kohler in some areas. As soon as the union hears from its agents inside the plant that Kohler has landed a large order, a U.A.W. stump man is sent to badger the prospective buyer. Last December Los Angeles' State Plumbing & Heating Co. ordered \$100,000 worth of Kohler plumbing for an addition to the Los Angeles County General Hospital. Immediately, State's President E. J. Weinberger was solicited by the local plumbers' union to pressure Kohler to settle its differences. Fearful that his plumbers would slow down, Weinberger canceled the order.

What happens when a contractor persists in handling Kohler was shown a fortnight ago in Kenosha, Wis., a labor stronghold. Construction of St. Mark's Catholic

parochial school there was held up for two days by pickets until the contractor, N. A. Thomas of Racine, trucked away 34 pieces of Kohler plumbing worth \$3,500. In some areas even state and municipal governments have hopped on the boycott bandwagon. The Massachusetts Legislature and Boston's City Council condemned purchases from Kohler. So have the councils of Bridgeport, Waterbury, and Ansonia, Conn., and Lincoln Park, Mich.

Principles & Precedents. How hard the boycott really hits Kohler is uncertain, for the family-owned firm publishes no earnings report. The U.A.W. said that Kohler sales are down 37% since the boycott began last November.* Still, Kohler now claims to have 2,800 nonstrikers at work v. 3,300 before the strike, many of them on overtime. The company also says it sells everything it can make, earned more last year than in the strike's first year.

The Kohler stalemate has become more than just a strike. To both company and union it is a weary finish battle involving both principles and precedents. Through its 83-year history, Kohler, the nation's No. 2 plumbing manufacturer, has laid down its own labor policy. Crusty old (64) President Herbert V. Kohler refuses to give even a neutral body a voice in his labor dogma, has rebuffed mediation pleas from the White House and from Wisconsin's Governor Walter J. Kohler, his nephew. U.A.W., the nation's No. 1 union, would like to back out gracefully from the strike that has already cost it \$8,250,000. Yet, if it admits defeat, it fears that some other management might be encouraged to get just as tough as Kohler.

Whatever happens, the boycott will leave both company and workers poorer, and a settlement will leave many unemployed (Kohler has taken on hundreds of new workers since the strike began). Admitted U.A.W.'s Donald Rand: "Even if we win, we will lose."

MANAGEMENT

For the Whole Man

Eleven years ago Walter Paul Paepcke, millionaire president of Container Corp. of America, motored into the broad valley of Roaring Fork River in Colorado and determined to resurrect the sagging silver-mining town of Aspen. Paepcke built Aspen into a center of muscle and mind, with one of the world's longest ski lifts (14,000 ft.) and summer conferences featuring greats of philosophy, education and music—Albert Schweitzer, Reinhold Niebuhr, Jacques Barzun, Mortimer Adler, Igor Stravinsky, et al. This week, with the tax evaluation of Aspen increased sixteenfold, Paepcke, 60, prepared to open a new nonprofit enterprise: The Aspen Health Center for basically healthy but pooped businessmen.

* To get that figure, the union regularly counts the number of nonstrikers entering the plant, totals what their production should be, then tabulates the number of boxcars and trucks that leave carrying Kohler plumbing fixtures and fittings, precision controls, electric plants, beating equipment and air-cooled engines.



EXECUTIVES' HEALTH CENTER AT ASPEN
For the tired businessman, an iron virgin.

Into the center's sharply modern \$250,000 plant (precast concrete, painted white with pastel designs) will troop 40 U.S. executives next month. Entrance requirements: each businessman must agree to stay at least two weeks; each must have a thorough physical exam at home proving that he is basically healthy. The two-week stay will cost \$600; wives may take a separate course for \$500.

From the day the businessman checks into the health center and is issued his sweat pants until he leaves for home with a plan for daily exercise, he will be under close medical scrutiny and a Spartan regimen laid out by a board of 21 physicians. A 7 a.m. phone call will awaken him for 7:30 breakfast. Then he will bend, stretch, stoop in 30 minutes of calisthenics, plunge into steam and Finnish baths, face up to an "iron virgin"—a drenching device which bombards the body with water from high-pressure jets. And after throwing medicine balls, punching bags, lifting dumbbells and a 30-minute rest in the

"recovery room," he will sit down to a calorie-controlled luncheon.

In the afternoon, following more baths and massages, the executive will get a free recreation period. For the younger businessman, this will mean mountain climbing, for the middle-aged fishing or swimming, for the older a walk along a valley road. Later, all will listen to a health lecture, study history and contemporary events. Before dinner, the executive will be permitted to have the day's only liquor—but no more than two drinks. In the evenings, there will be lectures or chamber-music, and bed by 9 p.m.

Aspen's Paepcke hopes that management will take careful note of insurance-company statistics indicting businessmen for poor health, and will underwrite stays for executives at his health center as a tax-deductible business expense. He thinks that he has developed a revitalizing program for "the whole man."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Faster Sail. An experimental rectangular sail on a U-shaped rig (see cut) adds speed and helps prevent boats from tipping, says its inventor, General Electric Co. Engineer Burnice D. Bedford. The new shape spills wind underneath the sail rather than over it, causing a "lifting" effect. It measures 120 sq. ft. v. 72 sq. ft. for a triangular sail on the same boat; with its rig it weighs 78 lbs. v. a conventional sail's 25-30 lbs. Bedford hopes to reduce the weight, patent and market a still better sail within a year.

"Plastic Steel." U.S. Steel Corp. put on limited sale steel sheets coated with decorative, pliable vinyl plastic. The premium-priced sheets can be stamped directly into finished parts for automobiles, appliances, furniture and other products that now are cast, then enameled. By eliminating finishing, overall costs are cut. U.S. Steel foresees "plastic steel" automobiles with simulated white morocco or tan cowhide finish.



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MUSIC

Luniversal Hit

"We interrupt this record," says a breathless voice after only a few bars of music, "to bring you a special bulletin. The reports of a flying saucer hovering over the city have been confirmed." So begins a record called *The Flying Saucer* released five weeks ago on the "Luniverse" label and now one of the big off-beat hits in the jukebox trade.

The record gives an amusingly phony account of an invasion from space ("We switch you now to our on-the-spot reporter downtown . . . Take it away, John Cameron Cameron"), with rock-'n'-roll overtones. In a dizzy pastiche, almost every sentence of the invasion "broadcast" is matched by an answering snatch of some popular rock-'n'-roll record. The result is a kind of contrapuntal dialogue. "The flying saucers," says a breathless announcer, "are real!" "Real" echoes a familiar rock-'n'-roll record a split second later. "Real, when I feel what my heart can't conceal."

An official taps on the saucer and calls, "Are you there?" and the tune that cuts in immediately is: "I hear ya knockin' but ya can't come in." Announcer: "Have you come to conquer the world?" Tune: "Don't want the world to have and hold." Announcer: "The Secretary of Defense has just said..." Tune: "Ain't it a shame?" Announcer: "I believe the spaceman has a final parting word." Tune: "See you later, alligator."

Flying Saucer was dreamed up by a pair of young men who are trying to crash the music business: Dick Goodman, 23, who quit N.Y.U. to write songs, and Bill Buchanan, 24, a song publisher. The idea looked so good to them that they started the Luniverse label to make the record.



Walter Doran

PROMOTERS BUCHANAN & GOODMAN
See you later, alligator.



Edmund Weller

PIANISTS FERRANTE & TEICHER
Eccentric flings among the strings.

Since *The Flying Saucer* includes no fewer than 16 "quotations" from other records, music publishers and record companies at first claimed infringement of their copyrights, and threatened lawsuits. But settlements were quickly reached with most of the publishers, particularly when it appeared that the record was becoming a hit; being quoted on *The Flying Saucer* actually improved sales of rock-'n'-roll tunes. By now, record companies whose disks are not represented on *The Flying Saucer* are downright hurt. "It's the greatest sampler of all," wailed one publisher. "If you're not on *Saucer*, you're nowhere!"

New Records

Observers who believe today's search for new musical sounds is neurotic may be right, but the search continues with the frenzy of a uranium hunt. Westminster, a member of the recording elite, takes a flyer into sonic oddities with *Soundproof*, a collection of popular tunes played on doctored pianos by Louis Teicher and Arthur Ferrante.

Pianists Teicher, 31, and Ferrante, 34, have played together so long that friends think they are beginning to look like each other. tend to communicate with each other through keyboard tones rather than spoken words. First as students, then as instructors at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music, they experimented with piano sound by placing all kinds of objects among the strings, a method pioneered by Composer John Cage, who called it "prepared piano." In 1948 they succeeded in producing a thudding drum effect (by shoving pieces of rubber between the strings) and used it in their version of Ravel's *Bolero*. Their latest effort is even weirder. The tunes in *Soundproof* (*Green-sleeves*, *Baia*, *Lover*) contain effects that resemble giant rubber bands being plucked, the click of a tack hammer, xylophones and harpsichords, and a sound

like a Hawaiian guitar quivering on the breeze. To play these tricks, Pianists Ferrante and Teicher not only mute the strings with wads of paper, bits of wood and metal bars, but also pluck the strings while holding down keys for resonance, and even scratch the strings with their fingernails. For all their eccentric behavior, Teicher and Ferrante are master technicians and men of taste; the performances in *Soundproof* are honed and burnished to perfection.

Other new records:

Antheil: the Wish (Kentucky Opera Association, Louisville Orchestra conducted by Moritz Bomhard, Louisville Orchestra Commissioning Series). A one-act opera, written and composed by a master orchestrator with a surrealist imagination. The plot is wispy and dreamlike, designed to prove that love is eternal. The music is tuneful, often witty and sometimes engrossing, although it shows signs of its creator's glit pen.

Igor Stravinsky Chamber Works 1911-1954 (Columbia). A representative collection, presumably played as well as possible, since the composer himself is brandishing the baton. At one stylistic extreme is his *Septet*, which makes use of a method of composition similar to that used by his late rival, Arnold (Twelve-Tone) Schoenberg. At the other extreme are Stravinsky's early songs, orchestrated recently, which in Marni Nixon's bell-clear soprano, have a childlike charm.

Jolivet: Works (Champs-Élysées Theater Orchestra conducted by Ernest Bour; London). A showcase for one of France's most colorful contemporary composers. The compositions on exhibit are his lyrical *Andante for Strings*, his *Concertino for Trumpet, String Orchestra and Piano*, which combines a parade-ground knowledge of the trumpet with a bouncing sense of fun, and his *Piano Concerto*, which opens with an inferno of featureless



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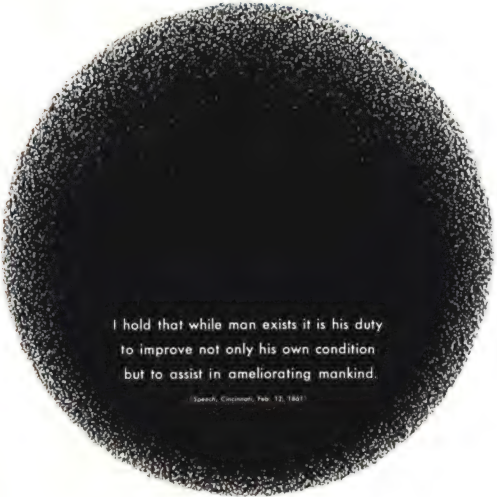
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(Speech, Cincinnati, Feb. 12, 1861)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN on man's responsibility

artist: Nelson Baker

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percussion and sizzling strings, continues with a slow movement of steamy mystery, and winds up with a recurring Latin American dance rhythm. Eerie moments come when a flute seems to swell and shrink like a small-scale fire siren.

Orff: Trionfo di Afrodite (Soloists: Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Eugen Jochum; Decca). The third part of German Composer Orff's controversial trilogy (the first two: *Carmina Burana*, *Cantata Carmina*). This one is a pagan hymn to love. Orff's music, which is sometimes derided as no music at all, is mostly infection and punctuation, weighted by repeats, lifted by sharp verbal accents, leavened by occasional vocal arabesques. Music or no, it is strangely compelling stuff.

Robert Craft Conducting Schoenberg (Columbia). Six significant works by the man who shifted the entire foundation of musical composition in the 20th century. Four of them are in his revolutionary twelve-tone technique; all provide fascinating, sometimes irritating, ear-tweaking listening.

Sessions: Second String Quartet (New Music Quartet; Columbia). A recent (1951) work in the composer's smoothly flowing, endless-melody style. The idiom is dissonant counterpoint, but the effect is comparatively serene as the music accumulates in the listener's consciousness. The work eventually recedes into the everyday atmosphere in a vague and somehow pathetic ending.

A Spanish Guitar Recital (Maria Luisa Anido; Capitol). The sensitive instrument, with its distinctly Iberian inflections, sings sweetly for Argentine Guitarrist Anido. Her intimate program covers three centuries of Spanish music by such composers as Granados, Albéniz, Sanz, et al.

The Virtuoso Orchestra (Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch; RCA Victor). The orchestra, which has twice become famed for its winning ways with French music, again shows what it can do with the luminous clouds and glittering rapiers of sound created by Impressionists Debussy and Ravel. Most of the music (*Afternoon of a Faun*, *La Valse*, *Bolero*) is almost familiar enough to be a bore, but *Rapsodie Espagnole* is probably Ravel's most nearly perfect work, and Conductor Munch weighs his orchestra throughout with the precision of a surgeon and the fantasy of a good painter.

The Unabashed Virtuoso (Stephen Kovacs, piano; Elektra). An aptly titled album, containing mostly virtuosic paraphrases (of *Fledermaus*, *Rigoletto*) and arrangements of orchestral pieces (*Dance Macabre*, *Hungarian Rhapsody* 2), done up with plenty of fireworks and a gratifying portion of delicacy and taste.

Verdi: La Traviata (Rosanna Carteri, Cesare Valletti, Leonard Warren; the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Pierre Monteux; Victor, 3 LPs). A fat package, containing a handsome, bound volume of Dumas' *Camille* (from which the opera was taken), the libretto in Italian and English and, incidentally, a good performance of the opera.

Plain English Diction

"Every morning a long file of black soldiers in white pajamas used to approach the laboratory down the avenue of palm-trees. Each bore before him a bedpan decently shrouded in a 'cloth, distinctive.' They were the inmates of the dysentery ward bearing their daily offerings."

This gutty description, which introduces a technical discussion of tropical amoebae comes from the distinguished pages of the oldest medical journal in the English language. It is a fair sample of the unvarnished style and the deadpan humor that mark the weekly *Lancet* as the

portant part in the name of God let it go there!" Abernethy promptly slapped an injunction on the *Lancet*, and the magazine won a court decision that henceforth medical lectures were to be regarded as public property.

Lithotomy, Lithotripsy. Through its youth and middle age, the *Lancet* built its reputation on solid reporting and its circulation on a succession of widely publicized hassles with medical authorities. It offered the first report (1847) of the use of anesthetics, the first discussion (1867) of Joseph Lister's treatment of wounds with antiseptics. It boldly reported on a bungled lithotomy by Bransby Cooper,



"LANCET" EDITOR FOX AND STAFF
Are bedpans obsolete? Does contraception affect the national IQ?

sprightliest and most outspoken voice in medical journalism.

In a field traditionally befogged by jargon and a monolithic solemnity, the *Lancet's* witty, lucid approach has long been a refreshing anomaly. "We shall exclude from our pages," said Founder Thomas Wakley, "the semi-barbarous phraseology of the schools, and adopt as its substitute plain English diction."

Wakley was a disenchanted physician who launched the *Lancet* in 1823 as a vehicle to attack the abuses rampant in 19th century medicine. His magazine tilted at the high-collared sacred cows of Harley Street, crusaded for better sewage disposal, better operative technique, more humane treatment of the insane. At a time when doctors jealously guarded their hospital lectures to prevent loss of fees, the *Lancet* insisted that all lectures should be public property; began sending reporters into the lecture halls. When Surgeon John Abernethy complained that he was misquoted, the *Lancet* offered a devastating verbatim sample of his tutorial style: "I'll be hanged if erysipelas is not always a result of a disordered state of the digestive organs . . . Egad, it is a traveling disease . . . If it be seated in an im-

nephew of famed Surgeon Sir Astley Cooper. Young Cooper had made an incision in the wrong place, tried to force an opening into the bladder with forceps, finally turned to his unanesthetized patient a few minutes before he died and complained petulantly that he could not imagine how he had failed. The *Lancet* was fined a token £100 for printing that story, but had the satisfaction of seeing Parliament appoint a commission to study monopolistic practices in medicine.

In 1873 the *Lancet* touched off another major debate by charging that London Surgeon Sir Henry Thompson had caused the death of exiled Emperor Napoleon III by operating on him for a bladder stone by lithotomy (penetration into the urethra by a pair of forceps) instead of lithotomy (incision into the bladder).

If the modern *Lancet* is less angry—principally because most of the reforms it advocated have been put into effect—it is nonetheless outspoken and alert. In 1952, a few days after King George VI of Great Britain died, the *Lancet* frankly discussed the King's ailments (Buerger's disease, lung cancer and arteriosclerosis) and the immediate cause of his death (coronary thrombosis). It has also re-



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ported candidly about the low standards of general practice under the British National Health Service, about bad conditions in mental hospitals, about the problems of the aged.

Zippers & Telephones. The wider interests of the *Lancet's* current editor, Dr. T. F. Fox—a medical-school graduate but never a practicing physician—are reflected in such salty recent discussions as the effects of contraception on the national IQ, the dangers of infection from public telephones and the obsolescence of bedpans (the *Lancet* favors mobile bedside commodes). In essays from subscribers ("Peripatetic Correspondents"), the *Lancet* is likely to wander into even more esoteric fields. Recent correspondents discussed jammed zippers on men's trousers, the moral rigors of physicians to evade traffic rules, the hazards of being attacked by family pets. One correspondent started an animated debate by advising his fellow practitioners to use a hypodermic syringe to deflate air bubbles when helping their wives to paper walls.

On a fare of solid fact and far-ranging fancy, with only a five-man staff to help, Editor Fox and the *Lancet* have achieved an influence far greater than the magazine's estimated 30,000-reader circulation would indicate. The *Lancet* occupies a place all its own in the affections of the medical profession. Says one G.P., paying it the ultimate tribute: "It's the only medical journal I've ever heard of that one's wife can actually read."

Cancer Suspects

In Rome's marble-floored National Research Institute, 42 experts from 21 nations gathered last week under the sponsorship of the International Union Against Cancer to explore the case against a worrisome potential cancer hazard: the dyes and additives used in the preparation and preservation of foods, soaps, cosmetics. The conference's conclusion: although the vast majority of dyes, additives and wrapping materials have not yet been adequately tested, there is clear evidence that some possess cancer-causing qualities. Doctors were careful to point out that they were not drawing a bill of particulars, but merely listing substances that require further investigation. Among suspects:

- ❑ Plastics used as food wrappers (for fruit, cheeses, meats, butter) and as the inner lining of cans.
- ❑ Stilbene compounds (hydrocarbons) used as coloring matter in many household detergents.
- ❑ Antibiotics and hormones used to fatten cattle.
- ❑ The arsenic used in insecticides, fruit sprays, and occurring naturally in the drinking water of some areas (in Argentina 150 cases of cancer have been attributed to the water supply).
- ❑ Certain paraffins used for coating milk containers.
- ❑ Excessively toasted breads or biscuits, overcooked meats, mineral oils when used as fat substitutes during grilling or baking.
- ❑ Beta-naphthylamine, used as a dye fixative in many lipsticks and chewing gums.

Most of the cancerous reactions from industrial chemicals so far have been artificially produced in the laboratory, but the doctors warned that they may eventually lead to "epidemic cancerous manifestations." Some researchers believe that increasing use of additives in the U.S. may be responsible for 5% to 10% of the nation's overall cancer increase in recent years. Says Dr. Wilhelm Hueper of U.S. National Cancer Institute: "Some people got into a fright when they first heard about bacteria or viruses, and for a time would not even shake hands for fear of infection. People came to accept the presence of dangerous micro-organisms in our environments while scientists did everything possible to lessen the danger. Now people must learn to live with carcinogens while scientists tackle the problem."

Paying the Doctor

Medical costs have been rising faster than any other item on the cost-of-living index, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. A patient must now pay 25% more for treatment than in 1950, as compared to an 8% rise in the overall price index. At the same time, benefit payments from health-insurance programs are running a fifth higher this year than last, are expected to go well beyond \$2.5 billion. All told, reports the Health Insurance Council, some 110 million Americans are now covered by hospital insurance—6% more than were covered last year, nine times as many as were covered in 1941.

Capsules

❑ Six weeks after it started, Chicago's polio emergency (TIME, July 30) appeared to be slackening off. So far, said the U.S. Public Health Service, there have been 810 cases, of which 501 were paralytic. There have been 21 deaths. Even if the outbreak is brought under control in another fortnight, as doctors hope it will be, it still makes this the second worst polio year in Chicago's history (the worst: 1952). Only bright spot: not a single case of paralytic polio has cropped up among people who have received the full, three-shot Salk immunization.

❑ Geneticists at the University of Utah pooch-pooched the popular fear that many types of cancer can be passed on by heredity. On the basis of a six-year study of several hundred Utah families, the geneticists concluded that only three extremely rare kinds can be transmitted as inherited characteristics. They are multiple polyposis (which may develop into intestinal cancer), retinoblastoma (cancer of the eye), xeroderma pigmentosum (which may become skin cancer).

❑ In matings of guinea pigs where the female was "conditioned" by alcohol, 90% of the conceptions resulted in abnormalities, reported Dr. Dora Papara Nicholson of George Washington University. The preliminary findings, Dr. Nicholson believes, support her observations that abnormal births in humans are most frequent at the extremes of the social scale, where the most alcohol is consumed.

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MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Joseph Herman Hirschhorn, 56, fissionable, fabulously successful Brooklyn-reared uranium promoter, exuberant art collector (*TIME*, July 25, 1955); and Mrs. Mildred Hawley Heide, 37; in Baltimore, May 7.

Married. Francis X. (for Xavier) Bushman, 73, great lover of silent films (*Ben Hur*, *Graustark*), who made \$6,000,000 in his heyday (1911-18); and Mrs. Iva Millicent Richardson, 53; he for the fourth time, she for the third; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Colonel David Carl Schilling, 37, World War II European Theater ace (24 German planes in air fights and 10½ by strafing), who in 1950 made the first non-stop Atlantic jet crossing; when his car skidded into a bridge near the U.S. Air Force Base at Mildenhall, England.

Died. Bertolt ("Bert") Brecht, 58, slight, bespectacled German playwright (librettist for Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*) who, according to ex-Communist Arthur Koestler, sold Marxism "with great brilliance and intellectual dishonesty" to "the snobs and parlor Communists" of Europe; of a heart attack; in East Berlin.

Died. John Francis Griffiths, 57, onetime (1941-46) cultural attaché to the U.S. embassy at Buenos Aires, who in 1948 was accused by Dictator Juan D. Perón, of financing an assassination plot against Perón and his wife Eva, was later cleared by Perón in a general amnesty (1953); of leukemia; in Buenos Aires.

Died. Vice Admiral Lynde Dupuy McCormick, 61, onetime (1952-54) commander of the ten-nation NATO Atlantic fleet, president (since 1954) of the Naval War College at Newport, R.I.; of a heart attack; in Newport.

Died. Arthur Bliss Lane, 62, career diplomat (31 years), postwar (1945-47) U.S. Ambassador to Poland, who resigned, wrote *I Saw Poland Betrayed* after the present Communist regime gained power in the election of January 1947; of acute hepatitis; in Manhattan.

Died. Bela Lugosi, 73, movie menace (*Dracula*, *The Ghost of Frankenstein*) who played Ibsen and Shakespeare in his native Hungary, got his start in horror roles in the Broadway play *Dracula* in 1927 (his last request was to be buried in *Dracula's* cape), last year married his 39-year-old fifth wife, Hope Lininger, after a hospital term for drug addiction; of a heart attack in Hollywood.

Died. Baron Constantin von Neurath, 83, onetime (1932-38) German Foreign Minister, who became "Protector" of Bohemia and Moravia in 1939, was replaced by Reinhard ("The Hangman") Heydrich (1941) after a wave of unrest; of a heart ailment; at Enzweihingen, Germany.

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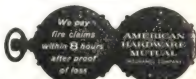
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Lisbon (Republic) boasts one of the year's most sadistic openings: Super-Criminal Claude Rains begins his morning by scattering crumbs on his windowsill, then brains one of the feeding songbirds with a tennis racket and hands it to his cat for breakfast. Besides birds and cats, Claude's posh villa is equipped with an English butler, an Iberian cutthroat (Francis Lederer), a bevy of nubile females who soothe his cares with piano solos and poetry readings. He also employs Smuggler Ray Milland, who is a criminal too, but a nice one, since he is in the racket only for excitement, and disapproves of murder and dope addiction.

Rains' current caper is a \$250,000 job for Maureen O'Hara, who has flown into Lisbon to find help in rescuing her industrialist husband from behind the Iron Curtain. But instead of getting on with the story, everyone stands around and talks. Ray tells Maureen how his divorced wife deceived him; Maureen tells Ray why she married a rich old man, and Yvonne Furneaux explains why she joined Claude's harem ("I have known destitution"), and laments that she isn't as pure as on her confirmation day.

Director Ray Milland was able to arrange it for Leading Man Ray Milland to be endlessly pursued by the women in the picture. Maureen, after nuzzling with Ray in her hotel room, visiting historic Sintra and going for a ride in his speedboat, is so enraptured that she offers Rains \$1,000,000 to deliver her husband dead so that

she can inherit his vast fortune and buy Ray a new boat. And spirited Yvonne keeps sneaking out of the seraglio to sigh against Ray's shoulder and warn him to be careful. Ray has scarcely time left over to retrieve the missing husband, dispose of Badman Lederer, spurn Maureen, see Rains led off to jail, and walk into the blue dawn with lovely, cat-eyed Yvonne.

Away All Boats (Universal) continues Hollywood's reverent chronicling of World War II. This time the cameras are trained with documentary fidelity on the U.S.S. *Belinda*, an attack transport manned by the customary horde of landlubbers who have to be whipped into shape by a handful of old salts. All of the characters are so simply drawn that it might have been more convenient to hang labels about their necks: Jeff Chandler is the Good



CHANDLER & NADER
Off Okinawa, the customary horde.

Grey Commander; George Nader, the Embittered Subordinate; Lex Barker, the Soft Socialite Hardened by War; William Reynolds, the Callow Youth Who Matures; Don Keefer, the Officer Who Goes to Pieces. Also present are the Good Padre, the Heroic Doctor, the Pugnacious Irishman and the Expectant Father.

What makes the film worth seeing is the wholehearted cooperation of the U.S. Navy, which allowed the cast and cameramen aboard for its 1955 operation in the Caribbean when some 200 ships and 10,000 Marines joined in the largest-scale amphibious maneuvers in history. With the aid of clips from combat film, the details of training, the assaults on Jap-held islands, the rescue missions and the chilling kamikaze attacks off Okinawa are brought vividly to life. Not so effective are the inevitable flashbacks to civilian life and love, featuring Julie Adams.



FEUILLÈRE & CHOUREAU
In Paris, a double entendre.

Fruits of Summer (Ellis Films) is standard French farce. It establishes its point of view early when 18-year-old, unmarried Etchika Choureau tells her mother she is pregnant. "Well," says mother Edwige Feuillère cheerfully, "the situation isn't too serious." Her plan: to go to the country with Etchika and then pretend that the baby is her own. Her problem: to lure her stuffy, disaffected husband (Henri Guisol) into bed so he will not deny paternity. Naturally, this requires a good deal of racing in and out of bedrooms in various stages of undress, and the action stops dead only for a double take or a double entendre. Etchika and Edwige are worth looking at even when what they have to say is not worth listening to.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Hollywood Newcomer Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable about a half-wit girl and a brutal carnival strongman; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish and bouncy musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only a cops-and-robbers item, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).



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BOOKS

The Poet as Hero

HYPNOS WAKING (279 pp.)—René Char—Random House (\$5).

René Char is a Frenchman with a great, hulking frame (6 ft. 3 in.) and a jaw like a duck press. By almost unanimous consent of his countrymen, he is the greatest French poet of his time. Existentialist Author Albert Camus spoke for the French intelligentsia when he saluted Char as "the great poet for whom we have been waiting." But English-reading people must take a French poetic reputation, like the credentials of ambassadors, largely on trust. In this bilingual sampler of his work, U.S. readers will be able to decide for themselves that measure for measure—man matched with meter—René Char stands a tall man.

At first sight one may see little more than the sort of extravagance which, since Rimbaud, has haunted French poetry when it decides to break out of the straitjacket of French rationality. Private images seem to compete successfully with good sense. Yet the French is intoxicating to the ear—even to a merely Berlitz-trained ear. And while the English translations are often flat and sometimes incorrect, readers will find a good man in these pages, a man who wears the mask of language, not in order to hide his identity but to make plain his role in the tragedy.

Honor More. In the Byronic manner, Char's life is part of his poetry. His first poems appeared in 1929 when he was 22. A slim volume titled *Arsenal* sold 26 copies; in his job as a whisky and champagne salesman, he had found less trouble disposing of his wares. Later he took over the family business (building supplies) in his native village near Avignon. It was the war that changed him from a drifter into a dedicated man, and how it happened is the subject of a diary he published under the pen name Hypnos (the god of sleep).

Hypnos was a *nom de guerre* before it became a *nom de plume*. René Char, a combat artilleryman in the defeated French armies of 1940, took to the hills above his village. There, as Hypnos, he led a band of guerrillas so bravely that later he received a commendation from General Eisenhower. His simple patriotism that puts country above home and family is expressed in what 17th century Cavalier Poet Richard Lovelace said more fancifully: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, lov'd I not honor more." Char's diary, which forms the largest part of this volume, tells how the god of sleep was awakened. Before joining the resistance, Char writes of a friend—but also of himself—"he had been a carping, suspicious actor of his life, poisoned with insincerity. A sterile depression had, little by little, settled upon him. Now he is in love, he spends himself, he is committed, he goes naked, he is a challenger."

Other parts of the diary record episodes in the war, seen as if by the brief, brilliant light of a phosphorous flare. A comrade dies before an SS firing squad; the Germans try to drive Hypnos' detachment out of hiding by burning a forest; and, in a two-line episode, there is the soldier who, "between the two shots that decided his fate, had time to call a fly 'Madam.'"

But not all of the diary is nostalgic for the reassuring certainties of war, and not all the characters are heroes. One is "a desperate windbag, a fat infra-red." Others are "slippery charlatans. . . . These cocks of the Void will crow in our ears, once



POET CHAR
A sense of what is sacred.

the Liberation has come. . . ." When the diary was published in 1946, it was like wine to the parched French mind. Through Char, the French could hear themselves speak again with gravity and pride.

Meteorology of Man. U.S. readers of his poems, as well as of the prose-poem diary, will find the usual French elegance with an extra dimension. Char is in a sense a nature poet, but unlike that English poet who was said to be "very good on the weather," Char uses images of stormy nature to illustrate the meteorology of man. At his simplest and best, he haunts the ear like Blake's *Songs of Innocence*.

*Cold sister, grass of winter,
Walking, I have seen you grow
Taller than my enemies
More green than my memories.*

Blades of grass which "wound" the earth are a symbol of man's condition.

*On the heights of summer
There the poet revolts,
And from the fires of harvest
Draws his torch and madness.*

Summed up one French critic: "The sense of what is sacred in man is what exalts us in Char."

Realistic Surrealist. France, which had made a poet of the hero, went on to make a hero of the poet. Today Char is lionized in the press as well as in the literary cafes. Poet W. H. Auden once remarked: "If 'France' did not rhyme with 'la Résistance,' French postwar poetry could not exist." But unlike many French who sold their resistance prestige to postwar politics, Char has no political affiliations, lives like a middle-class merchant (he still runs the family business). Surrealist Char says realistically: "One cannot live by writing verse alone." Nor did Char join the chorus of French intellectuals who regard Coca-Cola as the opium of the masses. He is unfashionably and stoutly pro-U.S., still proudly keeps Eisenhower's citation.

For the U.S., and for Britain too, there may be a lesson in the honor France accords to René Char. Of the U.S.'s two greatest modern poets, one is an émigré, and the other is kept in an asylum. As for Britain, her shabby Abbey is full of poets greater than Char, but they must be safely dead to gain public acclaim.

The Hour of the Hoo-Ha's

FIVE A.M. (173 pp.)—Jean Dutoour—Simon & Schuster (\$3).

*When you're alone in the middle of
the night
and you wake in a sweat and a hell
of a fright
When you're alone in the middle of
the bed and
you wake like someone hit you on
the head
You've had a dream of a nightmare
dream and
you've got the hoo-ha's coming to
you . . .*

*And perhaps you're alive
And perhaps you're dead
Hoo ha ha
Hoo ha ha
Hoo
Hoo
Hoo*

—T. S. Eliot

The French mock hero of *Five A.M.* has a bad case of the hoo-ha's. His creator, Jean Dutoour, 36, is an accomplished satirical duelist (*A Dog's Head, The Best Butter*) who likes nothing better than to blood his pen on the foibles and pomposities of the French middle-class. He subscribes to the André Malraux dictum that France is "saturated with lies," and attacks those lies with what the French call "intellectual rigor." In *Five A.M.*, this verges on intellectual rigor mortis, for Author Dutoour finds and leaves his novel's pathetic protagonist more dead than alive.

An Ax for Father. Fernand Gérard Doucin is a punctual insomniac who wakes promptly at 5 a.m. and gives his entire life an hour's third degree before lapsing back into troubled sleep. He often



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wakes in a sweat from a repetitive dream in which he hatches in his father's head with an ax. Like most of his dreams, this is quite out of keeping with Fernand's daytime self. By day he is a timid bank clerk with little hope and no desire for promotion, and equally small fears of being fired. He is dumpy, bald, 30 and a bachelor, and he keeps a once-a-week mistress who rather disgusts him as soon as he has made love to her.

Of course, nothing disgusts Fernand more than himself. His ruthless 5 a.m. self-analysis reveals a life as barren, lonely and pockmarked as the face of the moon. Fernand has lost all hope of heaven, but retains a superstitious fear of hell. His sole deity is the "phenobarbitone-God." Only two passions dominate him: laziness and cigarette smoking. He lies on his bed by the hour looking at the wall. Indeed, the only decision Novelist Dutourd puts to his hero in the whole course of this novel is whether or not to get up and go to the bathroom. Fernand doesn't.

Dust for a Washout. Though he calls his own life a "washout," Fernand sees nothing better to envy in the lives of others. To him, ambition, love, fame, beauty, wealth are all illusions before the all-encompassing reality of death ("Dust is the messenger of God in the world"). "All is vanity" is not exactly a new philosophy, but it is a valid one. However, in *Ecclesiastes* it is a philosophy to live by, enhancing the precious value of life's passing moments. In *Five A.M.*, it is interpreted as degrading life to the level of a futile, nihilistic charade. Author Dutourd writes as dry ice feels, but his chilling message is only half true. A man's lifetime is invariably more than the sum of what he thinks and feels in the small, black hour of the hoo-ha's.

The I-Wallah's Story

THE SIEGE (211 pp.)—Arthur Campbell—Macmillan (\$3).

In British army lingo of the Far East, "I-Wallah" means intelligence officer. He keeps the books of combat and, as far as possible, tries to make sense of the gruesome gibberish of war.

In Burma in March 1944, the British I-Wallahs were taken by surprise as the Japanese launched 100,000 men across the Chindwin River in what was to be the invasion of India. The 4th Battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment had been in the Arakan along the India-Burma border, fighting its own war with the Japanese. They had just learned this costly trade and had the Japanese on the run when they were pulled out north by river boat and truck and dumped on the mountain village of Kohima, a collection of huts 5,000 ft. high in the jungle. Kohima was inconsiderable in the long, silent history of its mountains, except that it commanded the Imphal Road and the Ledo Railway, invasion highways. There, the 4th Battalion of the Royal West Kent, Colonel John Lavery commanding, took position on April Fool's Day, 1944. They had four days to dig in. There were 500



Lipnitzki

NOVELIST DUTOURD

At 5 a.m., a nihilistic third degree.

of them, and for the next 16 days they held off the 31st Japanese Division, totaling some 15,000 men.

Time after time they were nearly overrun. The vast patience of British troops held them fast in their rain-filled holes. When relief troops of the British and Division finally arrived, Colonel Lavery marched out with a ragged half of his battalion. Arthur Campbell, who was among the relieving troops, saw the survivors' pride and misery, and resolved to write their story. Campbell (who won a Military Cross later for gallantry) has written one of the great stories of World War II, an account of unmatched hardship and bravery, ranking with Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.



AUTHOR CAMPBELL

For 16 days, at odds of 30 to 1.

At Kohima the British showed that, even outmanned 30 to 1, they could hold.

Author Campbell puts the story in the mouth of an unnamed, fictionalized I-Wallah, but even the chairbound reader will recognize that every accent has the authentic tone of a man who has seen combat and can still think about it. The commonplace names—John or Bobby or Tommy or Donald—come completely alive, showing men at their best. Dug in among the wild rhododendron bushes, outnumbered and outmanned, the West Kents put on a memorable show: at the end it is clear that men can be pitiable even in their finest hour.

Earthquake at Como

MADAME SOLARIO (374 pp.)—Anonymous—Viking (\$3.95).

After observing the new guest, the hotel doctor remarked ominously: "Geologists speak of faults when they mean weaknesses in the crust of the earth that cause earthquakes . . . There are people like 'faults' who are a weakness in the fabric of society; there is disturbance and disaster wherever they are."

Subject of his observation: the beautiful, slightly mysterious "woman with a past" who appears, unannounced, amid the pastel parasols of a fashionable resort, bringing with her a whiff of evil—that exquisite cliché beloved by turn-of-the-century authors from Tolstoy to Henry James. She has now been revived by a determinedly anonymous author, in an engaging and disturbing period piece. The lady is called Madame Solario, and her setting is Lake Como in 1906.

If the aloofly adorable Madame Solario gives any hint of calamity, it is the enticing fragrance of a classic—almost old-fashioned—scandal. Twelve years before, in Paris, when she was barely 16, Natalia Solario (née Ellen Harden) had been seduced by her stepfather. Her mother died of heartbreak as a consequence; her brother Eugene, after shooting and nearly killing his stepfather, had been shipped off by the family to South America. Natalia herself, swiftly married off to an obliging nobleman, had shed her spouse before coming to Como for the 1906 season.

Final Reckoning. Floating graciously through Como's golden villages and classic villas, Madame Solario is pursued tentatively by an Englishman, Bernard Middleton, and tenaciously by a barbaric Russian, Count Kovanski. Natalia Solario does not stoop to conquer. Yet her adroitly detached existence ends abruptly one evening when brother Eugene returns, penniless and impenitent, from his twelve-year exile. At this point, *Madame Solario* shifts from waltz time to offbeat fandango.

The outwardly dashing and handsome Eugene is a perverse, embittered prodigal who soon pollutes the lakeside idyll. Affronted to find that Natalia has stepped unscarred from the ruins of their childhood, Eugene exacts subtle penance from his sister. Capriciously, he urges her to become the mistress of a Roman grandee. Then, he virtually thrusts Natalia into the



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Love Letters to Rambler



Bennett Cerf

Millions know Bennett Cerf as a TV personality and nationally syndicated columnist. Mr. Cerf is also the distinguished publisher of Random House books, and America's leading authority on puns. He tells us he is "Cerf-eited with hot, stuffy cars" after driving his air conditioned Rambler, and writes:

"We are delighted with our new Rambler Station Wagon. In fact, I am having difficulty getting the kids and my wife out of it!

"The first few days I thought the gas gauge was stuck at 'full'. However, it wasn't the economy but the air conditioning that first got me 'hot' for Rambler. I still think it's the greatest invention since the ice cube!"

Why fry? Total cost of Rambler Air Conditioning, first cost and operating cost, is only a fraction of a cent a mile. Increases trade-in value, too! See your Hudson dealer or Nash dealer.



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arms of malevolent Count Kovanski. In a savage bedroom scene, Kovanski and Natalia both recognize Eugene as a pitiful parasite. Later that night the prodigal brother himself stumbles into Natalia's arms for a final, incestuous reckoning.

Kid-Glove Restraint. Though Natalia flees Como, she decides that fate has left her no choice: she is now inextricably linked with her brother. Behind them, the ill-fated pair leave broken hearts and a suicide.

With the exception of Eugene Harden, the characters in *Madame Solario* are lightly sketched; Natalia herself seems at times as insubstantial as the rustle of a petticoat. Yet the author of this period piece has a sure feeling for time and place, and for the rigid standards of behavior that made discreet intrigue flourish. The book treats the difficult theme with a kid-glove restraint that conveys the atmosphere of tension mounting to tragedy.

Our Town

A FAMILY PARTY (64 pp.)—John O'Hara—Random House (\$1.95).

John O'Hara's talent as a novelist runs to stenographic reporting and, as any reader of his bestselling *Ten North Frederick* knows, he reports most expertly on Pennsylvania small towns whose very ordinary people all seem to lead extraordinary sex lives. O'Hara fans can now get, between hard covers, one of his minor magazine stories that proves that he can exercise his talent with his left hand. It also proves that he can suppress—at least for the space of 64 pages—his obsessive preoccupation with sex.

A Family Party purports to be a "stenographic report" of a speech in honor of a leading citizen, Dr. Sam Merritt. Dr. Sam has put in 40 years of selfless service, and his friends are giving him a dinner at the local hotel to show that they love and honor him. (O'Hara is himself the son of a small-town doctor.) The speech made by Dr. Merritt's friend, one Albert Shoemaker, has the uncanny accuracy of sentimentality and vernacular inflection that perhaps only O'Hara can command. Anyone who has lived in a small town can read it with an absolute guarantee that it will make him as homesick as the smell of leaves burning on an autumn evening.

There is Dr. Sam, a little uncomfortable at being praised so, now and then signaling his friend to lay off. Nothing doing. Bert Shoemaker recalls Doc's youth, the old days when he worked at the local drugstore, his herculean labors with the injured day of the great train wreck, how he raised funds for the nearby hospital, how soft he was about collecting bills from the poor. Brusquely, yet delicately, Speaker Shoemaker talks about the doctor's great bereavement—the beloved wife whose mind gave way after she lost two babies. A Family Party is slight, but it was not intended to be more. It is sentimental, but its quota of sentimentality is precisely the dollop that is a standard ingredient in the life of almost anyone's "our town."

MISCELLANY

City Sticker. In Slough, England, after police caught him carrying a 9-in. bayonet, Nicholas Smith told a magistrate's court: "I was going to London, and you know what life's like there."

No-Strike Clause. In Elizabeth, N.J., after she slapped a chef, was struck in return during a disagreement over an order of onions, Waitress Fay Martin won \$5,200 damages in a ruling by a judge who called it "common knowledge" that "a woman's slap on the face of a grown man is not of such character as to require resistance."

Dental Powder. In Paris, after he fell asleep in his dentist's waiting room, Amédée Picart awoke to find that the dentist had locked up and gone off on vacation, was forced to call police to let him out of the office.

Home Fry. In Baltimore, after her husband walked out during a quarrel, Mrs. Mary E. Love set fire to their apartment, explained: "I did it so he wouldn't have a house to come home to."

Sorehead. In Toledo, arrested for bopping a bar companion with a beer bottle and lifting \$65 from him, John H. Foraker told the judge: "I didn't need the money; I was just mad at the world."

Estate Wagon. In Newark, attorneys for the estate of Miss Lucine Lorrimer, who bequeathed Neighbor William C. Yarnall a car of his choice in her will, sought in court to have Yarnall's choice ruled out in favor of a "more conventional" model after he picked out an \$18,700 British-made Bentley.

Prescription. In Oshkosh, Wis., Mrs. Hattie Joles, a Winnebago Indian, was charged with practicing medicine without a license for selling a spring tonic containing bittersweet, pebbles, a piece of glass, rubber bands, insect fragments.

Fine Distinction. In Los Angeles, objecting to a speeding ticket, Roberta Jean Huggins told police: "I was not doing 75 miles an hour, although I may have been going 74."

A Place to Visit. In Huntsville, Texas, released from the penitentiary four months before the end of a five-year forgery stretch, Clayton Nash went home to Beaumont, Texas, found his wife's nagging unbearable, hopped a freight to Dallas and demanded, as a parole violator, to be locked up for the rest of his term.

The He & the Mighty. In Oxford, England, Mrs. Marion Crabtree was put on two years' probation after the constable who stopped her for riding her bicycle on the sidewalk testified that she whacked him with her cycle pump, hit him with her fists, finally threw the bicycle at him.

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2. "I first spotted the ray 35 feet down, camouflaged against the bottom. A ray can tow a 22-foot powerboat. When we grabbed this one, he spread his 'wings' and towed us along at top speed. Beaching him was no cinch.



3. "A world's record? Boyce was sure of it. The ray had a 10-foot tail and weighed 325 pounds. But it turned out that no official records are kept on this species, and we discovered afterwards that leopard rays actually come a good deal bigger than our monstrous specimen.



4. "Biggest one that I've ever seen," our host tried to comfort us back at Grand Cayman, and he toasted our catch in Canadian Club."

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